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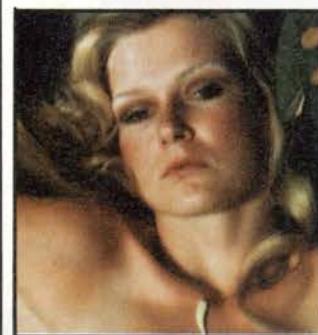
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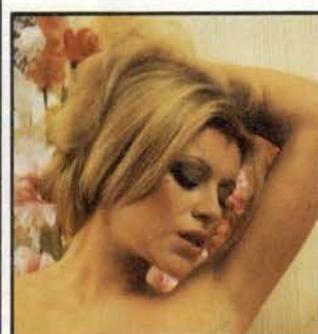
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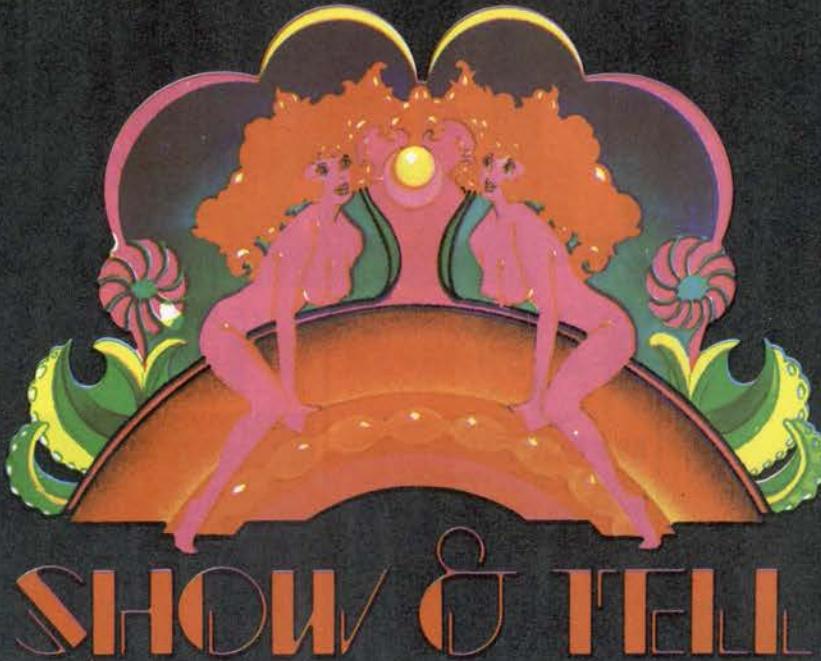
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Moving Right Along . . .

Welcome to the month of the Scorpios, well known for their sexual drives and capabilities. I think you'll find this month's issue a real turn-on, whether you're a Scorpio or not.

We've got an interview with a real sex king to give you the in's-and-out's of the world's oldest profession. **JOE CONFORTE**, owner of the world's most famous brothel, the Mustang Ranch, talks frankly about the business of sex for sale. Also, a profile on **JIMMY HOFFA** shows the battle scars of a man who loves a good fight, and the sometimes too-serious side of a radical union leader.

All you male chauvinists out there will see how a woman's sexual desires can make a man President of The United States. Yes, President! See how the candidates rate and why your wife or girlfriend may put them in office in "Sex Plays A Part In Prexy Politics," by **FRANK THISTLE**.

You'll find "The Affair of The Disappearing Dildo" as tantalizing as it is funny, with Sherlock Homo and "Dr. Twatson" doing an undercover investigation. Along with other turn-ons, you'll find **KINKY KORNER** will have you drumming for more. We also have our hot little **HONEY HOOKER** giving her Halloween tricks a treat. In our **FEEDBACK** (Letters to the Editor), and **ADVISE & CONSENT** columns, you may find your answer to a never-asked question. Also, all you sex crazed degenerates, make sure you visit the "Pleasure Chest" sex shoppe on page 63. You may find there is something to hold a good girl down. Check out our **ASTROLOGICAL GUIDE** and you'll be ready to face the month prepared for fucking and funding.

Our girls this month are prime U.S. Choice. Sabrina is gonna whip it on you, baby, as Christy gives you all she's got. You'll also enjoy Regine, as she shows you the art of how to make use of your time. Our centerfold this month is Amber, a hot little number that could handle you and your brother . . . You've got to come before you go.

Althea Leasure

Associate Publisher and
Executive Editor



HUSTLER

"FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD"

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



A TEST OF FREEDOM

When HUSTLER was first published, ending — one that rings of justice. Now the several of my friends and associates were curious to know why I wanted to be in the publishing business and what I hoped to accomplish — other than to turn a few people on and possibly make some money. Those two reasons alone would probably have been enough of an answer for most people, but there were other reasons, and of those, one was more bona fide than all the rest combined. I wanted to find out if freedom of expression truly existed in this country. As a child, I was taught how lucky I was to be an American, and how my freedom was protected by the Constitution. Freedom of speech, freedom of expression, freedom of the press, etc. I grew to love this country, so much so that I served in both the Army and the Navy, never doubting for one second that true democracy echoed throughout America. But the more I got to know about our government, the more I began to wonder.

It all started with Viet Nam. Then the Bay of Pigs, Watergate, Ralph Ginzburg, Daniel Ellsberg, and too many other disillusionments to mention. There is a story behind each of these; none seeming to have a proper

hatchet appears to have fallen on Al Goldstein, editor and publisher of Screw and a personal friend.

By the time you have read this statement, Al Goldstein could very well have been convicted and sentenced to a total of 65 years in prison. If this comes to be, then Al will have beaten me to the punch in confirming that freedom of expression in America no longer exists. The 13-count indictment handed down by the Kansas grand jury last December does not outrage me nearly so much as how the government went about establishing their case. The story goes that they had a postal worker in Wichita subscribe to Screw on a regular basis, so that the indictment would permit the trial to take place in Kansas—knowing damned well that the community standards were different there than in New York City, Screw's home base, where 90% of their magazines are sold. In view of the Supreme Court's ruling on obscenity — giving communities the right to set their own standards—it appears to be a clear-cut case of entrapment, smelling very much like a repeat of the Ralph Ginzburg case.

Ginzburg stood trial in Philadelphia under similar circumstances in 1963, and although Ginzburg *did* go to jail, it proved embarrassing for the government before it was over, considering that what he was convicted for in 1963 would get a "GP" rating today.

I am not defending Al Goldstein because of our friendship. We have poked fun at each other in the pages of HUSTLER and Screw for some time, and I have grown to respect the man a great deal—not because of what falls between the covers of Screw, much of which I disagree with, but because of how strongly this man believes in freedom, the kind of freedom that comes from a person's total right to read and see whatever he or she might desire. And if we allow Big Brother to take away this right, we shall never know the true meaning of freedom, here in America.

Larry Flynt
EDITOR & PUBLISHER

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FEEDBACK

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Jackie, Pro and Con

Congratulations on running the former First Lady in the altogether. It is nice to know that a woman over forty, and after two husbands and several children still looks eminently fuckable. Even though we've had her on a pedestal all these years, it's a pleasure to see that she is as human and sexy as other women.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

I just picked up the August issue of HUSTLER. This was my first issue, but it certainly won't be my last. I was completely disappointed in the pictures of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, however. If she is going to bare it all, the least she could have done would be to give us a close-up view that was in focus. A single picture of any one of the other girls was worth more than the whole series on Jacqueline.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

If women want to pose for pictures for free to create their fame and fortune, that is their own business. If men want to turn on vicariously with magazines, that is their own business. In either case, no one is hurt.

However, I was very disappointed with you, Mr. Flynt, when I saw nude photos of Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis in the August issue of your magazine. Mrs. Onassis obviously didn't pose for those pictures. This feature shows me how sick and irresponsible you and your publication really are. That's a very immoral article to print, and I think you let your fantasies merge with reality. You need a psychiatrist.

I will make my protest, therefore, in the best two ways open to me: one is this letter, the other is to stop buying your magazine, because I feel you personally are an irresponsible and immoral publisher. I hope she sues you and closes you down. You deserve it!

Alan Abraham
Fort Lee, N.J.

Fuck you, too! — Larry C. Flynt

Young and Hairless

Wow! I dug your "Adolescent Fantasy." "The Farmer's Daughter" was even better. I really get off on young teenagers, minus the hair. Let's get some close-up shots of those young teens really showing us what they've got. Also, let's see some more shaven pussies. I love to nuzzle up against a shaven pussy. Thanks for the great magazine.

Gary Carpenter
Altus, Okla.

I've just read your July issue of HUSTLER. It was my first, but you can bet your sweet ass (as a matter of fact, you can bet all your sweet lasses' asses) it won't be my last. Loved your tastefully done "spreads!" And talking about good things to eat—the "open" invitation offered by Miss



Celeste! What a delicious looking morsel! Who could resist a trip around her "world?"

And when I came to Miss Althea, I knew I had "come" to the right place. I can nearly taste her—and life-size yet!

As for Miss "puberty" (The Farmer's Daughter)—who wants to eat a peeled prune? What makes the meal is plenty of tender, juicy "succulents," like those well-served luscious labia (the larger the better), complete with "salad" liberally laced with natural love juices. And don't forget the "piece de resistance"—so let's have the ladies "peel" their delicate "buds" from their "pods," and we'll really dine in delight!

What more could I ask? Only a liberal imagination, which tells me not one of your sweethearts would neglect to serve after dinner drinks, drawn from abundant supply and perhaps offer an invitation to a "dip" in her "pool out back!"

You've done a great job. Keep it up... and up... and ...

Name Withheld by Request
Tulsa, Okla.

A million "Big Gun" salute to your fabulous magazine, HUSTLER. It is the only magazine with honest, down-to-earth natural pics, with no air brushing to blot out delicious twats. Now you've done it even better with the "Adolescent Fantasy" and "Farmer's Daughter" girl, with her luscious, shaven, unconcealed young vulva. Make it a regular feature in every magazine. Michelle, Therese, Linda Lovelace—keep 'em shaved and beautiful.

A Horny Regular
Bridgeport, Conn.

As long as there are girls of age to be photographed that look very young, we'll find 'em! As for shaved models, we find our girls are eager to please.

Bare Beavers Better Eating?

After seeing your "Adolescent Fantasy" and "Farmer's Daughter," and some other, older shaved pussies in your excellent magazine, many of the girls in their twenties love the effect and feel of hairless love-slits, and are starting the fad around here. They find their boyfriends more interested in giving them oral sex now. Thanks.

A Satisfied "Dirty Young Man"
USA

After seeing the "young look" of some of your shaven-clean models, we group of high school graduates and young marrieds have found that our boyfriends, husbands, and lovers now love to turn around and give more and longer, better oral loving to our shaven joy-clefts. Our group involves over twenty former baton twirlers, cheerleaders, and pom-pom girls from three different cities. Thank you for showing us this bare look.

Delighted Fanny O.
Bridgeport, Conn.

FEEDBACK

Cheerleaders, baton twirlers, pom-pom girls? Sounds like you gals could make up a good "Adolescent Fantasy" feature among yourselves. We're glad to hear that we have started a trend in Bridgeport. It will definitely have a place of honor in our "Good Eating Guide."

Happy Anniversary

Congratulations on the anniversary! HUSTLER is the best on the market because it is geared to sex. Penthouse and Playboy are ripoffs because they are into too many other areas besides sex.

Your anniversary issue was great! The life-sized centerfold was too much! Innovations like this are what sell your magazine. I guess the next step is to put a "scratch-patch" (where you scratch with a fingernail and get an odor), with a pussy odor in the proper place!

I enjoy the shots of shaved pussy. I have always wanted to eat one and screw one and until I can find one, I'll have to settle for your pictures. "The Farmer's Daughter" was great, too. The shot on page 72 makes my cock rise everytime I look at it. Likewise for the shot of Patti at the top of page 61. Can we have some shots of shaved pussies from the rear?

Bob Rogers
Dayton, Ohio

Keep your eye on us and see that and more in the future.

Suggestions, Etc.

I found a copy of HUSTLER in the philosophic section of my husband's library, some time ago. Flipping through the pages, I spotted the "World's Greatest Lover" Contest, and knew that this was the long-awaited opportunity for me to tell the world that my husband is the World's Greatest Lover, bar none. So, I sent in his application. I don't know if he'll win, but whatever, when the "Greatest Lover" is found, he should receive more than you are offering. He should also be employed by HUSTLER as a monthly contributor, consulting on sexual relations.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

As the "World's Greatest Lover," we're sure he'll be far too busy doing "his thing." However, we will have an interview with your husband for the readers, if he should win.

It's great to be able to buy a classy magazine that has just about everything you want. The girls are just fantastic, and those shaved pussies just turn me on to no end. But until your July issue (in the centerfold feature), you haven't had much of another thing that really turns me on—naked women smoking. A sexy sensual nude woman with smoke spewing from her nostrils and moist red mouth, with a freshly lit cigarette held between her finely painted fingers is enough to make me come right now. How about a lot of shots like that in future issues? Keep the wet



ones coming.

Name Withheld by Request
Belleville, Ill.

When we told our new Executive Editor, Althea Leasure, that you got off on the shot of her smoking in the July issue, she said, "I really didn't need to have a cigarette in that picture, because I'm always 'smokin' anyhow. But we'll keep his suggestion in mind for future issues."

Bravo for showing the cunts of so many beautiful dolls the way you do . . . But how about some *really* exotic dolls? How about a few more black chicks (like Jara and Chloe), or some Chinese, Japanese, Vietnamese, etc. dolls—displayed wide open in your spectacular style?

Steve Barnett
U.S.A.

Since we've had so many letters asking us to run an oriental beauty (so our readers can see that they are slit the same), we have a real mouth-watering delight in store for you. You can also look forward to more Afro-American lovelies.

I just bought your August issue. This is my first copy of HUSTLER Magazine and I think it is great. Your magazine exposes more of the girls than any other, and that's great. I like the pictures of the men, too. It's a great magazine to read and look at while you're getting yourself off. Please show more pictures of men and women getting it on together and playing with each other. Thank you for a magazine that gets me aroused whether I'm by myself or with my wife.

Name Withheld by Request
Oklahoma City, Okla.

I am a 17-year-old single female. My friend and I both agree that you should have pictures and articles showing couples. We get more enjoyment by seeing men as well as women. Remember, women enjoy reading and looking at HUSTLER, too!

Class of '76
Waco, Texas

We hope you tuned in on some earlier "Boys 'n' Girls Together" features, such as "Karen and Ken" in the April '75 issue, and "What Kind of Man Reads HUSTLER?" (featuring "Johnny Wadd" Holmes and Friend) in June '75. We're planning more such features in upcoming issues.

Mother-Fuckers

I've had a rather unusual sex life, and thought you might be interested. In high school, four of us picked up this little French chick. She was a gang fuck. She let us strip her naked in the car. She fucked my three friends and blew me. Three years later, I married her. Life was beautiful. I'm a voyeur, and got my rocks off watching her fuck and suck the men she brought home. She died at 31, and I married again, this time to a lesbian. I

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FEEDBACK

didn't want to fuck her, but only to watch her suck her girlfriends' cunts while I jerked off. Now she's gone and I'm 65 years old.

When my father died a few years back, I got my mother a 3-room apartment. She was 79, but still real active. One day I walked in as she was washing herself, naked from the waist up. I thought of all the times I had seen her naked and heard her and my dad fucking when I was a kid, and about how she liked to drink. So the next time I came I brought a pinch of "V.O." After the second drink, her eyes got a little glassy; after the third, I led her to the bed and sat her on the edge of it. It was now or never. I stood six inches from her face and took my cock and balls out, rubbing my stiff prick against her lips. I said, "suck it, you old son of a bitch, suck my prick. Open your fucking mouth and take my cock." She was just drunk enough. In a minute I knew it wasn't the first cock she ever sucked. I dropped my whole load in her mouth and she didn't spit out a drop. After that, I began to visit her twice a week and the first thing she said was, "did you bring a bottle?" She knew what she had to do to pay for it. After the third drink she would take my cock out for me and suck me off of her own free will.

Now she's gone and I'm alone. The only thing I've got is a good sized porno library, and the only thing I do now is masturbate a lot.

Name Withheld by Request
Salem, Mass.

I really dig your magazine. I especially like the letters section. I've really gotten turned on by reading some of them over the past few months. I've noticed, however, that you don't have too many stories on incest. I can't understand that, because there is a lot more incest taking place than people realize, or maybe want to admit. That's also the reason I'm writing this letter to you now. I've been having an incestuous affair with my mother now for over a year. I'm 19 years old and a freshman in college. My mother is 38 years old and a dynamite-looking woman. Brunette hair and lips that are built for sucking cock. She looks like Ann Margret, the actress-dancer, and has legs to match.

The first time we made it together was about a year ago. Mom had just come back from dinner with my step-father and was apparently very horny. She wanted to fuck and he didn't. He's 25 years older than she is, and has never been able to satisfy her. Mom has always led a very active sex life, and needs a large dose of cock to keep her happy. She has told me that she has had affairs during both of her marriages because neither husband could satisfy her. Anyway, she came into my room to see what I was doing. We got to talking and I asked her why she was so uptight. She told me it was because she was horny and the old fart couldn't get it up. I looked right at her and told her that she came to the right place. She looked back and smiled and said, "no baby, we better not. I'm your mother." I just looked at her, smiled, and said, "Then I'm a mother fucker." Five minutes later I was taking

her shorty nightie off, sucking on those huge watermelon jugs of hers and pushing my rod up between her beautiful legs. And she was just laying there with this satisfied grin on her face and moaning about how much she needed it. We've been fucking ever since and neither one of us regrets it.

So, how about more articles or letters on mother-son incest and how about a few more pictorial articles on the joys of older women? There are a lot of super-sexy women around that are in their late thirties and early forties. Thanks again for a fantastic magazine.

Rick E.
Las Vegas, Nevada

Looks like our Kathy Keeton ("Fabulous Fifties") Centerfold in the September issue really pushed the button on you guys! The response to this feature has been so good that we're planning a similar one in a future issue. As for editorial features on mother-son incest, "Kinky Korner" would be the best spot for that. Keep your eye on it and you might have a delightful surprise.

What Sort of Man . . . ?

Recently, under the heading, "What Sort of Man Reads HUSTLER?" you are implying big studs with big hard cocks do. That offended me greatly. I am a disabled worker, 61 years old, and am completely impotent through illness. My cock has shrunk to about 2 inches and will not erect at all. Doctors say there is nothing to do but live with it. I am not dead in the head yet, so I still enjoy a good picture of a beautiful girl in the nude, and like reading exotic stories and features.

A woman columnist says men that read your kind of magazine are sick. Maybe I am sick, but I wonder how many more sick men read it. How about disabled veterans? Don't they read it? How many of those did you offend? I wonder where your magazine would be without us. A man who can prove how great a cocksman he is doesn't need your magazine.

Wake up, smart man. Some day you may be sick like I am. Better stick to your beautiful women and exotic features for all men. That is what made your magazine.

Lowell Schott
Jasper, Ind.

We are not insinuating well-hung men are our only readers. It takes more than a cock to be a man or a lover. We are simply saying our readers can satisfy a woman. And, though you are impotent, we are sure you could (or may already have) master the art of eating pussy. Don't you think we'd use a guy with a 4-to 5-inch tongue as well? 

THE PHILOSOPHER
It was always easier for me to love than to praise. ANTONIO PORCHIA

JACKIE O

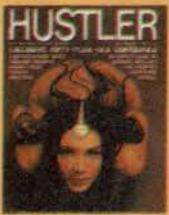
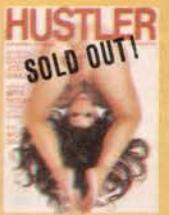
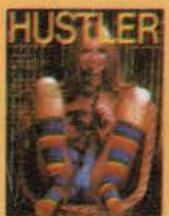
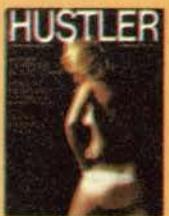
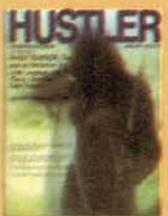
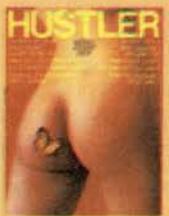
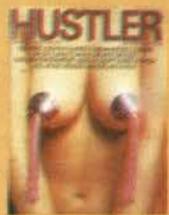
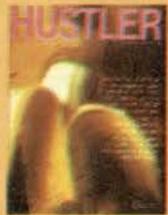
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ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise and Consent is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers regarding sexual questions, fetishes, hangups or problems of a personal nature. If you have something on your mind, write us. Direct all letters to: Advise and Consent Editor, HUSTLER, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

Recently, I experienced testicle pain, from what I believe is called "Lover's Nuts." Can you explain the cause and effects of this condition?

Name Withheld
by Request
Boston, Mass.

This painful condition (also known as "Blue Balls") is the age-old complaint of frustrated lovers—usually of the horny teenager variety, or the hapless victim of a cock-teasing girl. When a man engages in loveplay, he goes through increasingly intense levels of excitation, culminating in orgasm and ejaculation. At some point, before ejaculation, semen leaves the testes and fills the blood vessel-like tubes called the Vas Deferens, through which the whole "wad" will be conveyed when orgasm is reached. If these tubes are not cleared by the ejaculation of the semen which has filled them—if she turns you on, only to then turn you down—the result is this cramped, slightly nauseous testicular constipation commonly called "Lover's Nuts." The pain subsides as soon as the Vas Deferens are cleared by ejaculation, and it has no damaging after-effects; it does affect males of all ages who are so unfortunate as to be frustrated after having once been aroused.

The traditional method of relieving this ailment is to retire in privacy and indulge in a good, satisfying flogging of the log. You'll feel ten pounds lighter. Better keep your tool pointed in a neutral direction, however—otherwise, you'll get an "eyeful" like you never expected.

I'd like to know if I am getting slowly impotent or not, because lately I seem to be enjoying eating a pussy more than fucking. For me, having a nice, hot and juicy cunt rubbed all over my face is like being in a paradise, even if it doesn't happen too often. And a cunt has to smell like a cunt, not like perfume. Lots of friends of mine, both male and female, tell me that a guy like me is not normal.

Tell me what you think of this: this new girl friend of mine wanted to go for a leak after we had sex, and I told her to piss in my face, and to my

great surprise, she did it. And the worst thing of all, I enjoyed it! Do you think I am getting a little perverted? Myself, I think I am normal, but I still want your advice.

Name Withheld
by Request
Sunbury, Ontario

Things have really reached a sorry state when a guy like you calls the fact that he enjoyed something, "the worst thing of all." As you have probably gathered from reading these columns, we are not too fond of words like "abnormal," "perverted," "sick," "something wrong with me." If you think you're normal, you're normal.

As for eating pussy, if you're looking for an argument against it, you're going to have to pick another subject. There are times when we enjoy it more than fucking, too. We have found that it has its own unique pleasures for the man—such as being able to feel your woman's thigh-and vaginal-muscles tighten and quiver as she starts to go into orgasm, and to see her face as she comes like a machine-gun. If done properly, a woman enjoys it as much or more than fucking. But maybe by pissing in your face your girlfriend was telling you that you did a "piss-poor" job of eating her.

A few miles west of us, a young teenager one night found herself in trouble with an empty soft-drink bottle. She was attending a girls' school. The police were called; they would not touch it, and called the fire company. The firemen were the right help, because they carefully, safely, wrapped the bottle and broke it. But, could some girls in their late teens or young married ladies find that they had used the wrong object?

Margaret Buchner
Ransomville, N.Y.

Yes! That is why we will never cease cautioning our young lady friends (especially those in girls' schools) against making it with soft-drink bottles, broomsticks or gear-shift levers. Ladies, stick with the good old reliable, warm, nonabrasive, no-sharp-edges human cock, if one is available. If not, try using a dildo, vibrator, or other such penis-like artificial sex implement. These are available from a number of reputable purveyors of sex aids, including "The Pleasure Chest," 157 Seventh Avenue South, New York City 10014, and Leisure Time Products, 36 West Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215. At least you won't wind up picking splinters (or worse) out of your cooze.

The only question we have about your anecdote, Ms. Buchner, is: How did the firemen wrap the bottle completely, without first taking it out?

From all the medical books that I have read, and some of your answers in your column, it makes it sound like the female vulva area is supplied with many nerve endings. If this is the case, why would it not cause a great deal of pain for a female if she were struck or kicked there during an athletic event? I read a women's sports magazine that gave the impression that a light blow there would not be very painful. Really, I

don't know which is correct, because the vulva and vagina entrance cannot be as sensitive as your column and the medical books make it out to be, if it is not painful for a female to take a blow there. Please don't use my name and city, as I would hate for someone to think I am stupid, and maybe the question is, but I don't know the answer.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

This particular physical danger has never really been studied before, because women did not generally engage in contact sports. But now, with the new emphasis on women's role in all forms of athletics, the subject has come in for new interest and analysis. All the evidence isn't in—naturally, there are not many willing subjects for laboratory experimentation—but preliminary findings are that a solid blow to the pudendal area does, indeed, cause agonizing pain. In fact, some enterprising sporting-goods manufacturers are already marketing a "jock-ette strap" for female athletes, to prevent such injuries. So, if you want to stay in good with your lady, don't kick her in the cunt.

I want to get your advice on something which I've been afraid to ask anyone else. Sometimes my girl friend asks me to pee while she is fellating me, and then she swallows the stuff. I get a kick out of this, and I know she does, but I have some misgivings: (1) Is she just a little kinky, or is she way out in left field? (2) Is it physically harmful for her to be drinking my pee?

DOC JOHNSONS

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I'm not going to tell her that I wrote to you yet, but I will share what you have to say with her.

Name Withheld
by Request
Atlanta, Ga.

We think being kinky can be a healthy, adventurous way to be, as long as you're not causing yourself or somebody else physical harm in doing it. But in this case, drinking piss is harmful physically, urine being a human waste product. So, we would advise against it.

Since I live in Laredo, Texas, and Laredo doesn't have any wildlife, every weekend I go over into Mexico, to the Red Light district, and take pictures of nude girls. My friends go to the Red Light district and they fuck women, and I just go and take pictures of nude women. Is there something wrong with me? My Peanut steams every time I take a picture. So please tell me what's wrong with me. Remember I don't go fuck women; I only take pictures of the Zona Roja.

Taking Pictures
Laredo, Texas

You seem to be trying to back us into a corner, so that we have no choice except to say that there is something "wrong with you." Okay—most psychologists say that if you desire some form of sexual pleasure to the total exclusion of "normal" intercourse, then there is something wrong with you. But what do they know—they're usually so uptight and square they think it's weird to take a shit with the door open. Anything that makes your "Peanut steam" can't be that bad. Relax and enjoy yourself. At least you're not hurting anybody—the putas are probably happy to get a break from all that fucking and sucking, and they probably think you're a helluva good guy.

You're probably a little bit intimidated by the performance demands of "straight fucking"—especially those you imagine would be made by a woman as experienced as a Mexican whore. So, you feel more comfortable just relating to the photo image of the woman. Fine—just go with that until the time comes that you feel relaxed and self-confident enough to take the plunge. Your day will come.

Maybe this letter will give some food for thought to the guys who are always worrying about their cocks being too small. At the age of 20, my youngest brother is cursed with a penis that makes him feel like a phallic freak. In its soft state, it measures just over 9 inches in length. In full erection, his penis measures just over 12½ inches, and its large girth makes it look even more lethal. When he sits on the toilet, he has to lay his penis over the front of the toilet seat to keep from dunking it in the water. This may seem comical to others, but not to him. Like every man when balling, he yearns for that "all-the-way-in" feeling, with pubes and bellies grinding tightly together, but he has never yet experienced that. He says that if he ever finds a woman who can take the full length of him into her vagina, he'll beg her to marry him. He and his current chick ball every day, but she limits it to only one position,

with him sitting on an armless straight-back chair and her straddling his lap, so that she can control the depth of penetration. Like a lot of other chicks he's known, she won't let him ball her in bed or even lying down, because she's afraid he'll get carried away and thrust too deeply.

Could anything have been done for him during his childhood to prevent his penis from growing to such proportions? Also, is it likely that he'll ever find a chick with a vagina deep enough to take its entire length?

Rick Pauling
Washington, D.C.

Short of binding it, like the Chinese women used to bind their feet (which would probably have caused it to atrophy and become totally useless), there is no known way of retarding penis growth. Besides, how could he have known then that it was going to "grow to such proportions?" Suppose the thing had only been destined to grow to average size—then he would have wound up with a tiny dangle, and he'd be writing in complaining about how small his cock was. As for whether he will ever find a woman

with a vagina deep enough to take him: the "average" length of an erect penis is five to seven inches; the "average" depth of a vagina is about nine inches. As your brother's case proves, there is a lot of room for variation in either direction from this average. The same is true for women as men, so there are quite a few women running around loose that could take all of him, and then some.

You know, a lot of feminists take grim satisfaction in the fact that men nowadays seem to be as hung up on the size of their cocks as

THE PHILOSOPHER

My great day came and went, I do not know how. Because it did not pass through dawn when it came, nor through dusk when it went.

ANTONIO PORCHIA



"I'm to entertain you while my sister gets dressed. Like to hear a tape of her coming?"

ADVISE & CONSENT

women have traditionally been about the size of their tits—feeling inadequate and sexless if they're small, or awkward and graceless if they're huge. Nobody is ever happy with the way they are. Your brother misses that "all-the-way-in" feeling; small guys miss that "scraping bottom" feeling. Both know a sensation that the other doesn't, and probably never will. Both would do well to adopt the attitude that "Johnny Wadd" Holmes has toward being unusually sized: it challenges you to be more creative and imaginative in your loveplay. You learn to develop other love-making skills—oral and manual—and you wind up being a better lover, instead of using the old "ram-it-in-and-pump" technique used by far too many men.

My problem is that I am a Peeping Tom. I've been married for two years; my wife takes very good care of me in bed, but I still have this urge to watch girls undress and masturbate. I especially

love for a girl to masturbate with a vibrator.

I have tried to stop this, but I can't help it. I'm afraid I'm going to get caught. Then my wife would never forgive me. Can you help?

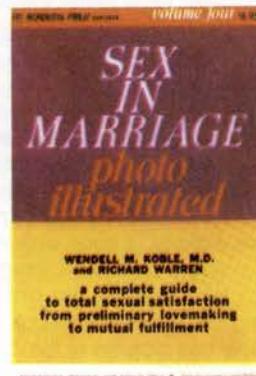
S.R.
Lawton, Okla.

First off, you need to be more open with your wife. A lot of guys do foolish, risky things like peeping because they have urges like yours, but think that their wives would be disgusted or shocked to learn about it. But a woman enjoys turning her man on as much as having her own needs fulfilled, and they want to know what your real, secret desires are so that they can try to fulfill them. Talk it over with your wife; if she takes as good care of you as you say, she would probably be eager to undress and masturbate with a vibrator or dildo while you "peep" from another room. Since everybody is an exhibitionist to some extent, she would probably get as turned on by this as you do. The experience of communicating such "strange" desires frankly should be good for both of you. You might be surprised to learn that she has some far-out tastes of her own which she has never been able to tell you.

If your wife can't get into it, or if you want some variety in your visual thrills, try buying some good soft-core 8mm film from your nearest adult bookstore. Girls undressing and masturbating are a favorite subject matter for such films, and they are still "soft" enough to be legally available in even the more conservative locales. 



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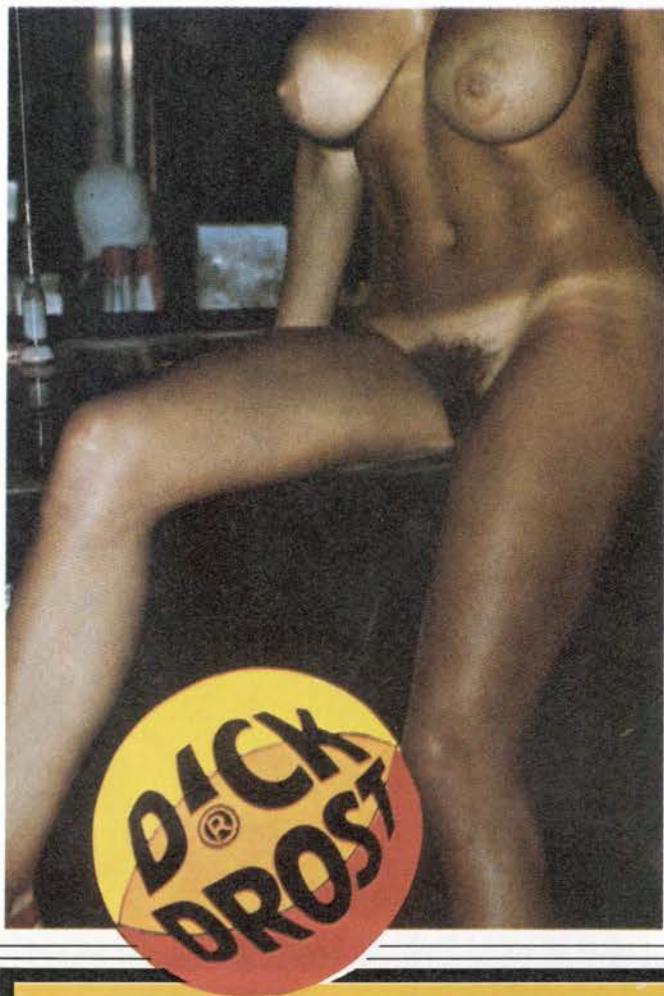
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BITS & PIECES



SIGN OF THE TIMES

Note the tan marks on the shapely honey pictured at left. Some guys really get off on them, because they imply that you're getting to see something that other men don't—namely her luscious breasts and beaver. Kind of makes a guy feel privileged. Well, if nudism entrepreneur Dick Drost (HUSTLER Profile March, 1975) has his way, tan marks will become a "sign" of

by-gone times. Drost's "Naked City" nudist resort in Rose Lawn, Indiana (which issued the promotional pamphlet from which this picture was taken) has become such a success that he is investing his profits in a lot of corporate pies. The outcome of all this diversification could be a string of such resorts, making the all-over tan the rule rather than the exception. So perhaps you should take this opportunity to pause and reflect on the passing of the tan mark. All progress has a price . . .

ANOTHER TRIPOD

Ever since we ran the original feature on "King Dong" and his mammoth member in the November, 1974, "Bits & Pieces," various other readers have been sending in their fleshy claims to penis supremacy. This latest entrant seems to be cheating a little bit on the inch-count, since his assistant is anchoring the tape measure about an inch and a half north of the base of his staff. Even so, the thing looks to be a good 10½" soft, which means it probably cooks up to a respectable Foot-Long Hot Dog when roused. Move over, Marc Stevens. The guy has already been so besieged by female fans in his home city that he preferred to keep his face out of the picture. He just wanted us to know.



BITS & PIECES

PICKLED DACTYL

Way back in 1926, Marty Greenberg's grandfather came to America from the Old Country, and started a pickle factory, which, until this day, prospered greatly under both his guiding hands, his son's and finally Marty's. The reasons for the Greenbergs' pickle successes were many, including the strong will of each generation to get down with their employees and

pitch-in to make the best pickles this country had ever eaten.

Marty, however, was a stoned slob who went to work high whenever he could, and on whatever his delinquent friends turned him on to, including Sopors, the latest rage in soma-type chemicals that make the taker oblivious to goings-on in local environments.

The result? See for yourself! Marty didn't get the bottle or his finger back. But the F.D.A. certainly will, when we send it to them.



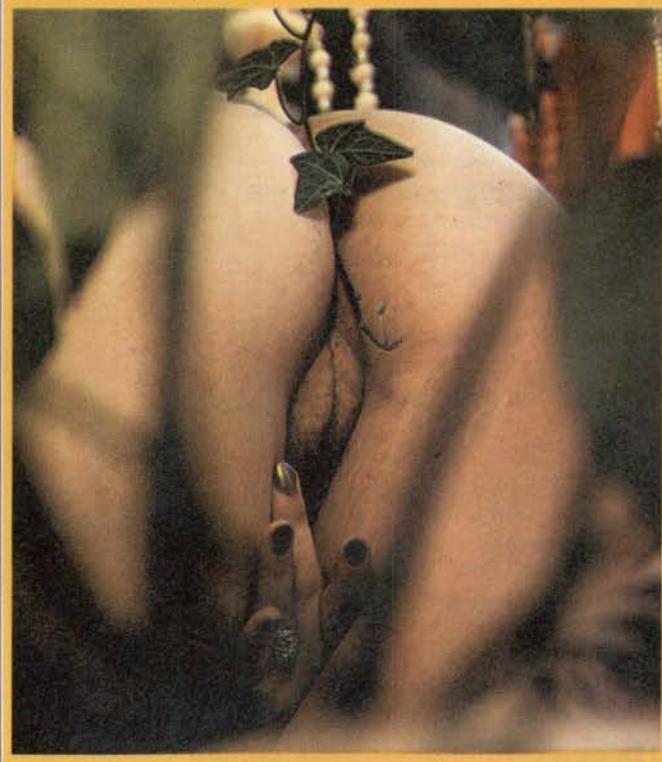
MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



COUNT
DICKULA

SEXITUDE MULTIPLE CHOICE

- A.) A view of Louis Armstrong applying Chap-Stick?
- B.) A public service ad on the perils of bee stings?
- C.) An oyster on the half-shell with a sprig of mint?
- D.) A testicle sandwich?
- E.) None of the above?



BITS & PIECES



BROAD SIDE OF A BARN

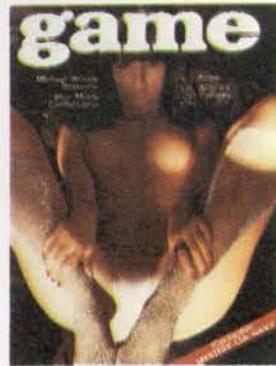
There's an old saying about being able to hit the broad side of a barn, which is exactly what photographer Al

Dorsa did in this selection from his personal collection of erotica.

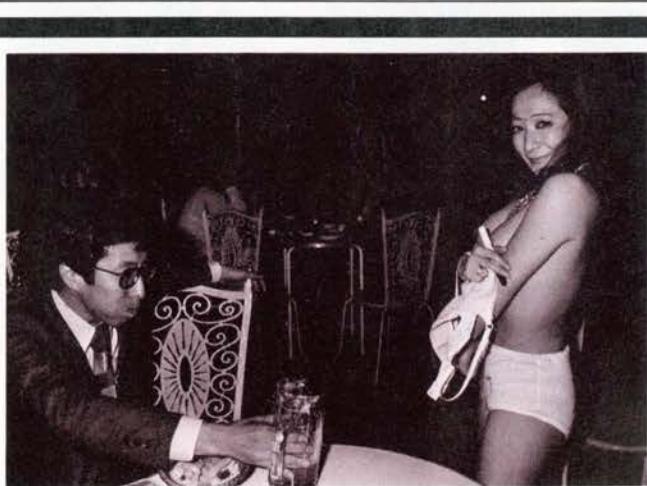
If you think it was easy, only a left-handed lowlife like Al would have thought to make it real, let alone produce it... which is reason enough to share it with our readers.

KIDS' GAME

Game is the new American edition of a London-based men's magazine of the same name. It is the snot-nosed kid of men's magazines—which is to say it has to strain to turn on a horny teenager. Connoisseurs who expect good things from Britain, based on their experience with the elegantly slick English import, Club, will be disappointed to find Game's editorial and graphic package as limp as their dicks are after reading it.



The publisher seems to be saving his best shots for the British audience and sending his hand-me-downs to the colonies.



THE ECONOMY OF SEX

This pre-occupied patron of one of Japan's few topless restaurants seems ready to spit out his beer in surprise, or in delight, that hot summer days really can be enjoyed.

In order to increase his sales, the club owner introduced topless waitresses last year, as the Japanese economy was bottoming out.

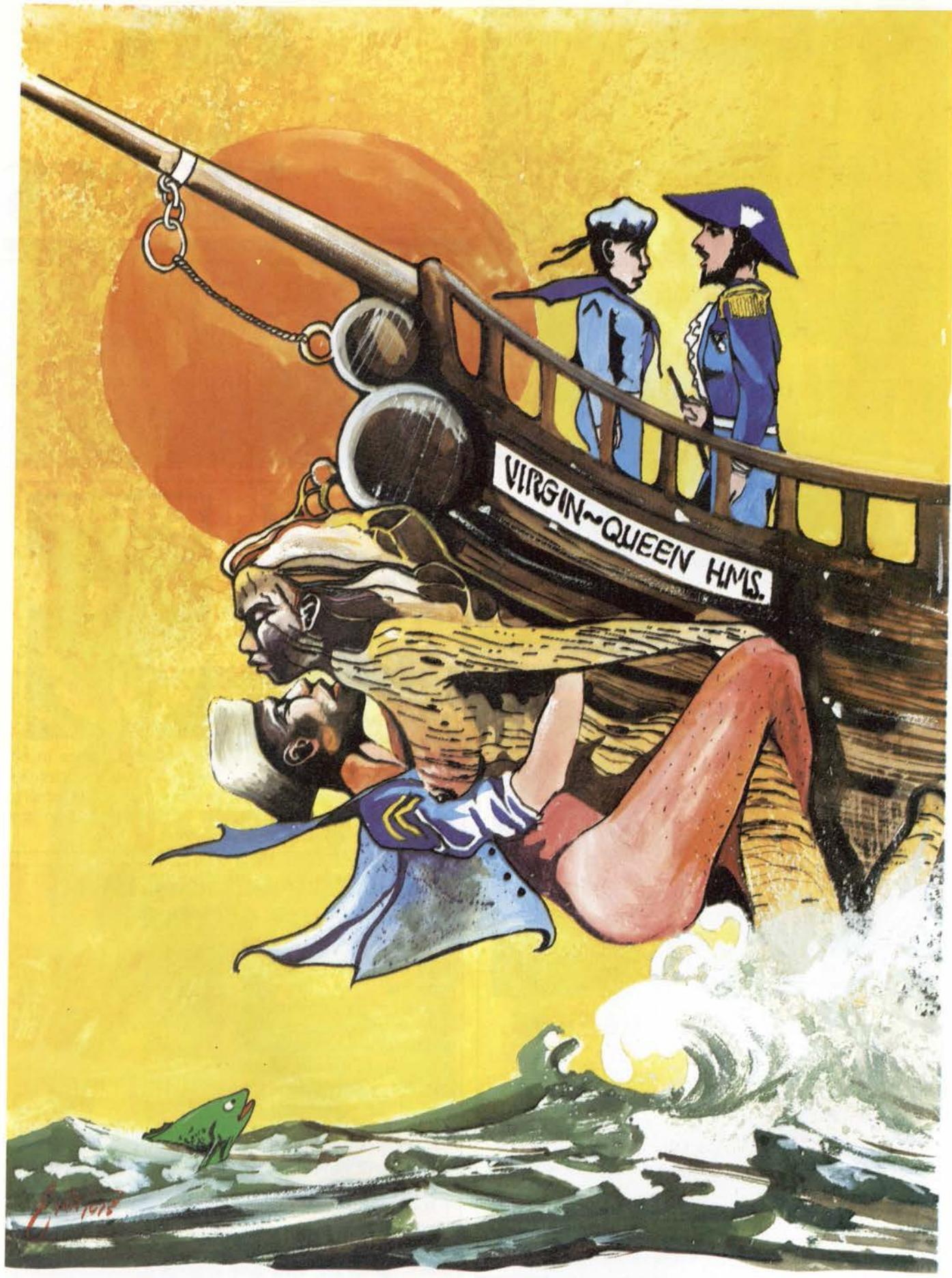
He found it was so successful that this year he is employing strippers to entertain during the afternoons, while businessmen are trying to get-away-from-it-all at lunchtime.

And so the overhead climbs — right up to the bare minimum. Income? Also on the up and up.

IF YOU BELIEVE IN PEANUT BUTTER...

We always knew that Peter Pan was a fairy, but now startling new evidence proves that "he" is in fact — a girl! Pop sociologist A.J. Vaporman, who analyzes celebrities by examining their garbage, unearthed the artifact at right from the refuse heap behind Pan's palatial Disneyland digs. The revelation of Pan's real sexual identity should have major P.R. repercussions for the Disney empire — especially since Pan has been living for years with the notorious radical feminist Tinkerbell.





"Jarvis, sir? Last I saw him he was grinning wildly and pulling splinters . . ."

CRAWDADDY

"Crawl, Daddy," is what Crawdaddy seems to be saying to that venerable youth-oriented rag, *Rolling Stone*. And to finalize the coup, Crawdaddy's father-son publishing/editing team, Alfred and Peter Knobler, have enlisted the aid of such not-so-new names as the infamous Paul Krassner and Paul Williams, to help keep their readers abreast of developments in audio technology, music, film and politics—from the left to the middle-of-the-road.

If you haven't had the

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MONA LISA'S DEFECTIVE SMILE

Can you believe that one of the world's most renowned models of one of the greatest paintings might have had a physical defect which is evident in the painting itself? Well, according to Dr. Finn

Becker-Christiansen of the Copenhagen National Hospital, the Mona Lisa may have had congenital facial palsy.

Because of Leonardo da Vinci's expert skill in por-

traying exact detail, the Danish physician claims that, after close scrutiny, "only the left corner of the mouth showed movement while the rest of the face was calm." In fact, he added, Ms. Lisa also had rather long fingers, which is a "symptom observed in connection with congenital facial palsy."

Also, Dr. Becker-Christiansen considered the painting to be an accurate account for medical history, since da Vinci's knowledge of anatomy was so extensive.

Well, that shoots the old



"perfect smile" theory all to hell!

PARIS BLOODBATH

"Not for the faint-hearted" was the way this spectacle was publicized at the opening of the 2nd International Contemporary Art Fair in Paris earlier this year.

An Austrian artist, Herman

Nitsch, slaughtered a lamb over the bodies of young men and women lying on the ground. Then he poured the entrails of the freshly killed animal over his aides, to represent to the several

hundred spectators the escalation of violence which has recently plagued us. Afterwards, the "captive" participants were made to drink the blood of the animal, while "suitable" background

music was played. Finally, the scenes of crucifixion were followed by sequences of a veritable flood of blood . . .

And they claim that Dracula was buried years ago?



1. The lamb is slaughtered.



2. The crucified drinking blood.



3. Herman Nitsch after his performance.

BITS & PIECES

BITS & PIECES

SEXVENTS

Walt Disney's 1950 production of "Treasure Island" takes a several-second cut to achieve a "G" rating. Uncut, "PG" version included a scene of character's head being blown off — could this be the beginning of a trend?

The State of Washington makes it illegal to show sexually explicit films at drive-in theaters. Works of art or of anthropological significance are excluded. Margaret Mead, pornography needs you, now!

The Motion Picture Association of America is considering a new rating formula for films with strong plots and heavy sex scenes. Unless sex is integral to the story, the film receives the usual "X" rating. "Gone With the Wind," however, where

Rhett fucks Scarlett, would be rated "E," for Erotic. We could dig it.

Ohio's only female liquor agent brought the house down on Ramon's Restaurant and Night Club, when 400 hungry women rushed the two male go-go dancers and stuffed dollar bills in the men's silver G-strings.

That's it — get 'em before they go bottomless.

Next time you're in New York, ask for a room with cable T.V. You'll have the rare opportunity to tune in *Midnight Blue*, the Big Apple's access T.V. station with an adult orientation. Who knows, you might see yourself across from someone you didn't think you knew, and wonder how you got there. Ask Al Goldstein — he helped mastur-mind the porno plan.

WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A NAKED WAITER?

Honolulu nightclub owner Jack Cione, the man who pioneered male bottomless waiters (including September's "Butch Au Naturel"), is serving more juice than ever to vacationing female customers. He and his well-hung crew are planning to open clubs on the West Coast, which should add immensely to America's changing times.



GOOD VIBRATIONS

If any further proof is needed that vibrators have become accepted, the attached pamphlet from Columbus & Southern Ohio Electric Company should provide it. As a service to its customers, C&SOE provides a monthly rundown (along with the bill) of "the average dollar outlay for running

various appliances." And there, between "Vacuum Cleaner" and "Waffle Iron" is — guess what? Incidentally, a vibrator is two cents a month cheaper to operate than an electric heating pad, the modern-day version of the hot water bottle which has traditionally been "the Ladies Home Companion."



COLUMBUS AND SOUTHERN OHIO ELECTRIC COMPANY

	Average wattage	Average hours used per month	approx. wh used per month	Approx. cost per month at 3.8¢ per kwh
TOOTHBRUSH	7	6	0.04	.002
VACUUM CLEANER	603	6	3.7	14
VIBRATOR	40	4	0.2	.008
WAFFLE IRON	1,116	2	2.2	.08



LITTLE BO PEEP (UPDATE)

You will recall that August's "Bits & Pieces" revealed Little Bo Peep to be a man-hating country whore who magically turned all her customers into sheep. Well, Bo Peep met her match when she hooked up with Anton La Vecque, a footloose warlock from Los Angeles. La Vecque whipped a reverse whammy on Bo Peep, which was supposed to bounce back

Bo's spell and change her into a sheep instead of him. But Anton's spellcasting powers were a little rusty, so Bo wound up with a sheep's head and a whore's body. When last seen, Bo was propping her chin in her hand and scratching her black furry head in bewilderment. "Sonofabitch didn't even give me any skin," she grumbled. Write when you get work, Bo.

THEY CALL THIS OBSCENE?



On the Temple walls and at Temple gates in India, depictions of the love-making rituals of humankind are as common as are MacDonald arches in America. These pictures of the Temples of Khajaraho, compliments of Katherine Young, are but two of the hundreds of representations commonly found in Hindu architecture.

If it isn't obvious from an analysis of Indian birth rates, which are still climbing, the people on the other side of the Earth do know a bit about carnal desires — and rather than sublimate it, as many Westerners have done for centuries, they pay homage to carnal knowledge in



fascinating sculptures, flat art, and literature.

Maybe the next time some erotic art foundation builds a gallery to house its treasured works, they'll use a little bit of Eastern imagination, and you won't have to pay for a pass to get inside to see what goes on in bedrooms from coast to coast.

IT AIN'T CHARMIN, BUT IT WORKS!

You've seen it in joke shops. You've heard about 'em since childhood. Now, we bring you the one-and-only electric corn cob that works! A miracle of modernization, this exemplary characteristic of modern down-home living and ingenuity is widespread in southern Ohio, where our roving photographer, on-the-road for HUSTLER, discovered that they really do exist.

After bicycling for seventeen hours, from before dawn to nearly dusk on the longest day of the year, he finally stopped to take a shit in a lonely, roadside outhouse. And what to his surprise, but this splendid piece of Ap-



palachian imagination, which we are pleased to bring you here — and which you will be pleased to find when your local outhouse is not replete with paper and you would be forced otherwise to use your hand to "wipe clean."

Like he said, "It ain't Charmin — but it works!"

BITS & PIECES

"MAKE 'EM HURT"

According to political columnist Jack Anderson, a new program of intimidation of the press by public officials is manifesting itself on the federal, state, and local levels. He cited as examples the fact that the Ford Administration is pushing a bill which would permit reporters to be imprisoned for revealing public papers and proceedings that have not been "officially approved for release," whether or not the papers deal with national security; that reporters who have exposed official wrong-

doing in various cities have been subjected to frameups, false arrests and surveillance; and that legislation has been introduced in Hawaii which would require newspapers and broadcasters to submit to the state government justification, corroboration and an assessment of expected "social impact" of their editorials within 14 days of publication.

The new official philosophy seems to be: "Let them publish what they want, but make 'em suffer for it, so that they won't do it again."



WHAT IS IT?

- A.) A Boeing 727 taking a shit?
- B.) Groucho Marx after a close shave?

- C.) An apple with a thick stem?
- D.) A cigar-smoking asshole?
- E.) None of the above?
- F.) All of the above?

BITS & PIECES

FAT CHANCE

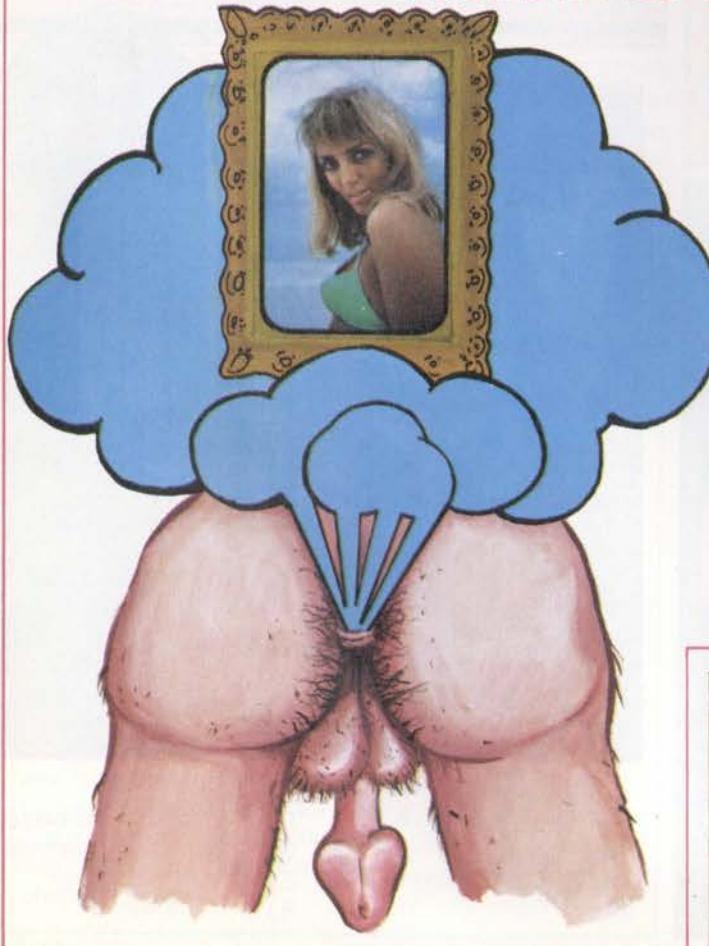
The old saying goes that "inside of every fat man is a thin man yearning to get out." Could it be that inside every fashionably slender woman there is a joyously self-indulgent fatty, yearning to cast off the tyranny of cottage

cheese and Tab? She is determined to suit herself, despite the fact that society dictates that you can't attract men unless your ribs stick out like a glue-factory horse—then is happily surprised to discover that many men prefer a well-upholstered woman. Such may be the case with Mary, the opulently endowed temptress pictured at left, who has been making a hefty living from modelling *au naturel*. She can currently be seen in all her grandeur on the "Bare, Big Mamma Calendar," which is published by American Art Enterprises, 21322 Lassen St., Chatsworth, California 91311.

A lot of foreign cultures are puzzled by Americans' obsession with slimness in women—and apparently a goodly number of American men agree. Enough to keep Mary in "Fat City," at any rate.



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH



In awarding the "Asshole of the Month" title to Xaviera Hollander, the ex-whore authoress of "The Happy Hooker," it should be noted that most whores charge a hefty fee for being butt-fucked. Only in this case, Xaviera was trying to do the fucking, by demanding \$1500 to be interviewed in HUSTLER. Apparently Xaviera needs the money; her new book is bombing, and she can currently be seen riding around Toronto in a pick-up truck. She recently married a Toronto antique

dealer. Webster's Dictionary defines "antique" as being, "a relic of ancient times," and Xaviera's new husband has certainly proven his taste for antiques by marrying her.

Most subjects of HUSTLER's interviews are happy to be interviewed for nothing more than the exposure—something which a tireless self-promoter like Xaviera Hollander should understand. But Xaviera never gives anything away for free, even when it's for her own benefit. Once a whore, always a whore.

If you have Bits & Pieces of interesting or unusual information, pass them along to HUSTLER. We pay \$50 on publication for pictures, news items, quips and short, short stories. All submissions will be returned if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



SEX PLAY



SEX AND WITCHCRAFT

HUSTLER invites you, the reader, to travel with us through the exciting, erotic realm of human sexual pleasures. Pleasures which have remained hidden too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy in the guise of respectability.

This series, the sixth part of which is presented below, is prepared especially for HUSTLER. It is designed to help the Hustler give his women the rare sexual excitement and satisfaction in sexual relations that make every experience an important one and keep her asking for more. It should help you and your lover reach greater heights than either of you ever thought possible. And it will make you, Hustler, better equipped than ever to turn her on.

by John Baer

"On their brooms they rode, these witches, by the light of the moon, to secret places on the mountaintop to consort with Satan himself in obscene rites. They would lift his tail and kiss him upon his anus and his testicles, for this region is the altar to powers of generation. And these witches would lift their buttocks in defiance to the heavens in bending down to take Satan's member into their wanton mouths."

From a 14th Century
Manuscript on Witchcraft

The den of an otherwise ordinary suburban house on Long Island has been cleared of all furniture. There are eight people in the

room, four men and four women. All are naked except for a copper bracelet on each wrist and a cord around the neck with bits of fur from a goat and a lynx, and feathers from an owl. Each has a small red circle drawn on the belly midway between the navel and the pubic hair.

The room is lit by a circle of twenty-eight candles around the outer edge, corresponding to the twenty-eight days in the lunar month. The air is thick with the odor of pine incense. It is Halloween, the night when the Druidic god Saman summons his followers. On this night a modern coven of three witches and four warlocks has gathered to initiate a new member, Karen, a small shy woman with long black hair and dark

nipples capping her full breasts. She is nervous but seated quietly in one corner of the room while the others prepare for the ceremony.

Karen is married, has three children, and teaches third grade at the local elementary school. Her husband thinks she is spending the night in the city at a sorority reunion. Her third grade students would be surprised to see her naked as she is now. They would be even more surprised if they found out she had become a real witch.

One of the witches, a forty-year-old married psychologist named Helen, whose husband, Paul, is one of the warlocks in the room, closes her eyes and walks slowly about the room, her fingers outstretched to

feel the energy vibrations. When she locates the energy center of the room she stops. Where she stands marks the center of a nine foot circle to be drawn with a piece of white chalk on the rug. The circle is swung with a cord made from cat gut. Each of the witches then pricks her finger to consecrate the center of the circle with a drop of blood. A pentagram, or five pointed star, is inscribed inside the circle and each of the points of the star is marked with a gem capable of directing occult forces: black agate, pink amethyst, red coral, black coral, and jacinth. At the center of the pentagram a silver bowl of boiling water is placed.

Seven herbs are put in the water: mint, basil, tiger lily, sage, red ginseng, myrtle berries, and yohimbe bark. Each of the herbs fosters a quality celebrated by this particular coven. The mint, sharpness of vision; the basil, clearness of mind; the tiger lily, sexual endurance; the sage, longevity; the red ginseng, energy; the nutmeg, mystic visions; and the yohimbe bark, occult powers. Five drops of menstrual blood and several secret ingredients are added to the mixture. The resulting brew induces an immense sexual appetite. Each of the seven drink of the brew. Karen drinks another brew prepared earlier, which makes her drowsy although it does not induce sleep.

Karen reclines comfortably against a cushion. The others are now ready and escort her toward the center of the room. Her drowsiness makes it difficult for her to walk, so she is carried to the center of the room and laid on the floor at the center of the pentagram where the silver bowl, now removed, had been. Her head is pointed North, her outstretched arms East and West, and her open legs and her genitals face South. Her knees are bent and lifted. In her relaxed state they fall open, exposing the dark pubic hair.

Two of the other women take small colorful flowers and arrange them in the hair on her head and between her legs. They then take five bottles of scented oil and carefully anoint her body. The jasmin-scented oil is used on her wrists and in her arm pits. Lemon oil is used for her nipples. Rose-scented oil is rubbed on her thighs. Mint oil is placed in her pubic hair and on the outer lips of her genitals, providing a chilling sensation which contrasts to the warm sensation of the pure musk oil placed on the inner lips and over the clitoris.

The seven witches and warlocks are now chanting. They sit in a circle around the initiate and caress her body, now smooth with scented oils, in order to bring her to a pitch of sexual arousal. Fingers are moved lightly across her nipples, bringing them to pointed erection, while other fingers play

over her clitoris. Gently, her vaginal lips are spread so that she is relaxed and open inside, and other fingers dipped in the mint oil are slowly eased into her ass so that it too becomes relaxed and open. Her lips are caressed so that her mouth falls open in complete sensual anticipation.

With the initiate in a state of arousal, a piece of glowing charcoal is placed in a small bowl, along with crushed leaves of henbane, belladonna, and tanna. The resulting acrid fumes are inhaled by Rick, one of the warlocks, who is an engineer to the outside world. Rick is brought into a state of trance by the hallucinogenic powers of the combined herbs. In this state he is the manifestation of Pan, the pagan goat god and personification of the mixture of the godly spirit with animal sexuality. It is as Pan that he will initiate Karen. A goat's head mask is placed over his own head and as he kneels down between the knees of the initiate his penis becomes erect. It is large, having been rubbed with the oily extracts of betel nuts over the years.

As he leans forward to enter the woman, one of the witches reaches down and opens the vaginal lips. Once he is inside, their fucking becomes furious, drawing into it all of the occult energies generated in the room. The two appear as though locked in combat as they fling themselves about, grunting and screaming with fierce animal sounds. Their energies come to a pitch together and after they have both come, they fall back exhausted. Karen is now a witch.

night they covet in joyous sexual combinations. The generative power of semen is celebrated whenever one of the men can be made to come in someone's hands. The semen is smeared on the palms of each of the eight, held up to the heavens, and then rubbed into the skin over the breasts. Anal intercourse is especially enjoyed as a celebration of entry into the body's dark mysteries.

At last, as morning approaches, the coven falls into a brief nap, first embracing one last time on this special night, and then arranging themselves on the floor with their heads toward the center of the pentagram they have drawn and their feet out toward the cardinal and mid-points of the compass. Early the next morning they rise, clean up the room, shower, dress, make quick phone calls home to assure their families that everything is all right, and leave for work.

Before the Christian era, Europe was rich with pagan cults that used magic, sorcery, and other occult arts to extract powers from nature. When these powers were used to benefit the community, it was called white witchcraft. When used for evil or demonic purposes, it was referred to as black witchcraft. Most witchcraft practices fall between the two.

Early witchcraft practices were associated with fertility rites, and included dances, prayers, incantations, and sacred dramas to insure food and the birth of children. The reproductive organs of animals were strewn on the fields, ritual prostitution was practiced, and phallic

Anal intercourse is especially favored by Satanists.

In this case she is particularly fortunate, as the ritual took place during her menstrual period. The mixture of semen and vaginal secretions generated during an initiation ritual is of great value. If menstrual blood is also present, the mixture will have special powers. Each of the other witches and warlocks places a finger into Karen's vagina and then touches it to the backs of their tongues. Her vagina is then wiped with a pure white cotton handkerchief. She will allow this handkerchief to dry and keep it always. It will be a major source of her powers.

After the warlock and the new witch have rested, the entire coven of eight join in a celebration of Halloween. Long into the

symbols were displayed which remain today in the form of the Maypole. The dramas included the search of the Earth Goddess Isis for her dead lover/brother Osiris. She finds all parts of his body except his penis for which she carves a substitute, a practice which remains in some modern cults in the use of dildos in ritual intercourse.

Christianity brought alternate periods of cooperation with the cults it supplanted and repression of those cults. By the Renaissance, repression became the rule and the witchhunts began. Women in nunneries were often struck with periods of "madness" (brought on by sexual deprivation)

continued on page 88

X-Rated Reviews

HUSTLER's X-Rated Reviews of Porno Films and Fuck Books are designed to fill you in and keep you up-to-date on the latest outpourings of the erotic entertainment industry. We try to be as accurate as possible, and our Hard-On Rating Guide is based on the quality-for-your-money basis. All movies we review can be seen at your local adult movie houses; all books are available from your local adult bookstore.

Moviegoers Beware. Many films are optically censored to suit local audiences. We suggest you check your theater before going, to ensure that your five bucks is buying the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

ERCTION!

If this doesn't get it up, you're probably dead. Almost a constant turn-on.

HALF-ERECT

Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Might get it up if you used a crane.

TOTALLY LIMP

Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

MOVIES

by Tim Beckley

SEXTEN

The excellence of plot, sexual explicitness plus the sensuality of characters

(both male and female) make "Sexteen" HUSTLER's choice for Movie of the Month.

Roz and Dan, a striking couple, have just met, and as healthy youngsters are prone to do, they are anxious to explore each other's body. They make slow and tender love as a storm brews outside.

Roz (played by the absolutely divine Gwen Starr) is a lovely gal, with short brown hair and a cute face. Although she does not have a large bust, her small, caressable shape amply compensates for this factor. At first glance her mouth looks as if it could take a nice fat cock right down to the root. This assumption proves to be an accurate one.

As Dan plants his stiff organ into his new girl friend, thunder rolls and lightning flashes across the heavens, shaking the very foundation of the house they occupy. Suddenly the figure of a stranger appears before them. "I am the Angel of Death," the bearded personage boldly announces. "It is your turn to go!" The copulating twosome begin to shiver and shake. "Oh, no, you mustn't! We're so young, and have so much fucking to do."

"Fucking!" the puzzled deity declares. "Why, I know nothing of what you speak—I haven't gotten it up in over 500 years!"

A bargain is struck. Satan's apprentice will let them live, if they can get his limp peter to stand at attention. Roz and Dan agree, as they see their fate is to be sealed for them otherwise.

In desperation, Dan starts by relating a "dirty story," one he hopes will excite the demonic being. It is a tale about a 15-year-old girl who is on the verge of sexual awareness.

She knows her pussy is capable of getting nice and juicy, yet she has never experienced being fucked. The image of Dan, Roz and their uninvited visitor fade, and we see the petite princess going through her mother's bureau drawer. Donning sexy black underwear and a pair of mesh stockings, she parades in front of the mirror, proud of her ample curves. She rummages deeper into the drawer and finds a peculiar rubber object shaped like a man's cock, photos of which she has seen in magazines but never actually had in real life. Stroking the object, she becomes horny, and decides to put a halt to the spreading itch between her legs.

She rubs the dildo over her almost hairless pussy, and becomes aroused. Taking up a position on her hands and knees, the little girl sticks the make-believe

dick into her tight snatch from the rear. The head goes in and out. Soon she is pumping with all her might, moaning and groaning.

Without warning, the door to her parents' bedroom opens. A man enters quietly and scans the lustful scene. It is the girl's father! Caught up in some far-away fantasy, she does not hear him approach.

She drops the dildo by accident to the floor and turns around. "Oh, Daddy!" she declares, "I'm so embarrassed." With this, she begins to cry — her shame is great.

Instead of being angry, the handsome man tells his daughter not to worry, that sex is natural, that she has done nothing dirty. Taking her in his arms, he begins to stroke her. "Let me teach you all there is to know," the gentleman whispers. "Yes, father, I'd love to have you in me — to suck your cock. The boys in school are too busy playing baseball to fuck me!"

After hammering away at his offspring for several minutes, he takes his throbbing dick from her dripping box and comes on her face and in her mouth. This segment is a "must see." It is especially well done. The "daughter" is truly a lovely lass, young and innocent.

No matter, the "Angel of Death" is not impressed. His cock doesn't twitch. Roz takes over, recounting the story of a red-haired girl who is followed by a jogger as she walks through Central Park. Hot and ready for a bit of action, she drops her underwear so the admirer can find it. Her address is written on them.

Sneaking up the stairs and opening the door to the apartment, the jogger sees his conquest on the couch, playing with herself. She puts on an act, and pretends she doesn't know who he is. A make-believe rape unfolds. "Don't stick your hard cock in my small cunt," she pleads in mock seriousness. "I can't take it all!" After a brief struggle, she ends up completely satisfied.

Again our harbinger of doom isn't turned on. The third scene is the most boring of the film. It centers around a bride-to-be, who is afraid that her 65-year-old groom will not be able to show her any pleasure. She is a virgin. Understanding the situation fully, and wanting to help, her maid of honor — a strapping black honey pot — introduces the "bride" to all-girl love. A vibrator comes into play, and in a little while the Lesbian scene turns into a hetero situation when a waiter, who brings up a bottle of champagne to their hotel suite, is called on to perform. Dull!

Roz and Dan's arch nemesis couldn't agree more. He's just about had enough, and is ready to "do in" our young love-birds, when they plead for one more chance.

"Maybe you'll get off on something a bit more kinky," Roz suggests. The final



sequence is a doozy! A French maid, Peggy, spills something on the carpeted floor in the mansion where she works, and is forced by her strict employer to lick the mess from the floor. When the teenage servant objects, she is tightly bound. Her hands and legs are put into shackles for the torture. She is tied spread-eagle, her legs hoisted wide, and high in the air.

With a clear shot of a well-oiled cunt, the attractive maid is spanked repeatedly. A dildo is shoved far up her ass, while her front hole is penetrated by the knob handle of a whip.

As a final degradation, the wealthy lady of the house mounts her squirming victim and forces one end of a huge, black, double-headed dildo into her snatch and rides her captive for all she's worth — and that apparently is a lot!

The maid comes, the lady of the house comes, the audience comes — and would you believe, the Devil's messenger gets a hard on! A fitting conclusion to a movie that is certain to get your peter rock hard — that is if you're not already dead ...

RAINBOW'S CHILDREN

Lloyd Williams promises to be the next superstar producer-director. At 34, his credentials are impressive. Commercials done under his astute guidance are seen on

television almost every day. Yet, little do the Madison Avenue ad executives, who provide Lloyd with his daily bread and butter, realize that underneath the neatly trimmed beard and innocent face lurks a potential "dirty young man."

"Rainbow's Children" will probably never make a million dollars — it wasn't designed to. Influenced by his own dreams, Williams has set about to recreate his nighttime fantasies on film. What emerges is a sensitive and colorful creation. All the varieties of film technique: slow motion, fast motion, multiple exposure, stop-camera, and the camera frozen and in full flight, are used for the revelation of his intense inner feelings.

Shot in New York's famed Continental Baths (the professional birthplace of singer Bette Midler), the film depicts a young and virile boy in the throes of masturbating in his sleep. The ejaculation sequence is worthy of particular note. Though initially "Rainbow's Children" might be thought of as strictly a film for homosexuals, this, we are told, is not the case. "It's not important whom you love but *that* you love," is Lloyd Williams' personal message. Not heavy into sex, but the sensuality of the whole thing may get a lot of people off.

HEAVY LOAD



The best we can say for "Heavy Load" is that the performers are all hardened pros in the industry. Such superstars as Andrea True, Jami Gillis, Kim Pope and Darby Lloyd Rains all perform — unfortunately below their normal capabilities.

Publicized as the "Blazing Saddle of Porno," somehow I found "Heavy Load" to be unimaginative and short on character.

This film is supposed to provide us with a casual, fun-loving look at sex. The end result leaves us with anything but this impression. A Harry Reems look-alike portrays the stud of the film. His prick is almost as laughable as his fake handle-bar moustache. The plot wears thin early with our "hero" portraying a moving man who has an Archie Bunker attitude toward life. None-the-less, he manages to drop his pants at the first sign of a tempting cunt. He gets into all kinds of unbelievable situations, such as screwing over the john in a men's room, and fucking two gals in a garage. The only saving grace is Darby Lloyd Rains masturbating with a foot-long sausage. What a ham!

PAROCHIAL PASSION PRINCESS



Sizzling Porn! Exceptionally Erotic! A

ballbuster! These glowing recommendations best describe this sexually explicit epic.

This movie will be particularly appreciated by those readers who enjoyed the pictorial spread in a previous issue of *HUSTLER* entitled, "An Adolescent Fantasy." For "Parochial Passion Princess" deals with a young "Lolita," who has learned more in her short life than just reading, writing and arithmetic. Our little darling is shown being picked up outside the school playground by a mature lover. Together, they engage in a volley ball of tongue licking exercises, pictured in mouthwatering fashion. Love conquers all, even difference in age!

Graphic are the shots of a formidable penis penetrating between the slightly swollen lips of a nymphette's vagina. Also exceptional are the "come sequences," in which huge globs of sperm are shown hitting their targets — adolescent mouth and pussy. The camera work is, in itself, worthy of note. There are spicy closeups of our lovers entangled, their bodies twisted in a variety of constantly shifting positions.

Not a full-length feature, "Parochial Passion Princess" may not be released everywhere. It is usually shown as a short with some other movie. But if you do happen to view it, you'll be pleasantly surprised.

ANGEL NUMBER 9

Directed by Roberta Findley, one of the original female producers of porno, "Angel Number 9" could only have been made by a totally liberated individual, male or female.

The sex is heavy. Ms. Findley — lovely herself — has chosen a delectable cast and a good script from which to work. The result is a movie in which all the participants act like they are having themselves a ball.

Even the plot is well developed. Stephen leads a carefree existence. As a handsome bachelor, he has more women than he can possibly handle. All goes well until one afternoon he is hit by a speeding truck (the driver of which is being given a blow job when the accident happens). Stephen is instantly killed, his spirit rising to Heaven. At the pearly gates, he meets Angel Number 9, who reprimands our deceased stud for his chauvinistic attitude toward the opposite sex. He must be taught a lesson! The angel sends Stephen back to earth in the body of a woman. The transformation is made quickly, and the spirit of Stephen becomes the soul of Stephanie (Darby Lloyd Rains).

Stephanie awakens at the scene of the accident, a little shaken, but otherwise fine. The driver of the truck is so surprised that the man he thought he'd killed is a stunning

broad with only the breath knocked out of her, that he offers her a ride, which turns into an invitation to his apartment. Stephanie accepts, eager to "try out" her new body. The driver is just the man to help.

A masturbation sequence in the shower, numerous torrid fuck scenes, a wild blow-job in a photographer's studio (one of the best I can remember viewing) — all make this saga a worthwhile adventure. Recommended highly. No doubt we will be seeing a lot more of Roberta Findley's fantasies across the great screen. She has proved herself capable of accomplishing a splendid job.



INTIMATE TEENAGERS

Marc Stevens and Darby Lloyd Rains both make brief appearances in this rather long-winded venture. A narrator takes us peeking through keyholes all over town. What we see might shock the prudish, but frankly to most "hard-core" followers, this movie is a bit of a bummer. Not that the stars of "Intimate Teenagers" aren't lovely to look at — most of them are indeed above average — but explicit fucking and sucking

is at a minimum here. With a dozen or more come shots and some juicy cunts, this might have been a winner. As it turned out, it's strictly "Place" or "Show."

Worthy of comment, however, is the sequence in which a hillbilly, "cousin Kirk," pays a visit to his city-slicker aunt, Kay. She welcomes his stay, and is about to put him up as a guest when the front door bangs open. In walk two stunning sisters, the bumpkin's cousins, who are returning from boarding school unexpectedly.

It's off to sleep in the bathtub for Kirk. Unpleasant? Not on your life, because thirty seconds after the house lights dim, one of the teenagers wanders off to the john. She stumbles onto her kin asleep nude, her eyes wandering to his half-hard dick. A smile crosses her face. She likes what she sees! They fuck on the floor, on hands and knees in true doggy style. The girl is young, tender and ripe for picking. This child has a body that doesn't quit — not that our good ol' cousin is interested in stopping once he's started.

Having one of the sisters only whets his appetite for the other. She comes into the bathroom after she is given the word on cousin's cock measurements. They splash around in the tub, sending water — and sperm — flying in all directions (particularly up her tight box). But, we're not finished yet, since Aunty Kay must first get in on some of the action. She masturbates herself in bed, and then observes her daughters fucking around, through the keyhole. Kay wants some peter — or I should say "Kirk" — too. She gets hers . . . unfortunately we, the audience, don't! This film gets a splish splash.



"God damn kids!! . . . I remember when ya were still into gingerbread houses!"

BOOKS

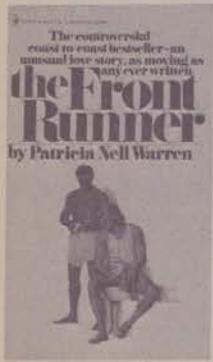
DIARY OF A TEEN HOOKER



by Annette Gallo
as told to William Seeds
Eros Publishing Co.
199
\$2.50

Having cloistered my virginity until I was 20 (would you believe it?), I usually get a kick and a couple of rises out of leafing through a beat-off book based on the exploits of nymphomaniacal teen-agers. But, after struggling unarousedly through Miss Gallo's torridless tail (sic), I must concur with the wise man who said that "youth was wasted on the young." The in's-and-out's of young lust are presented in such juvenile fashion that I'm surprised Miss Gallo gave her consent to have her lifeless story printed. If, indeed, sex was that boring to the high school dropout harlot, I'm surprised that the book didn't wind up with her entering a nunnery. This is one of those pubescent picture books, in which the publishers (sensing that they have little to offer anyway) utilize assorted simulated photos to show the main character at work and at play. One suspects that the writer and the photographer never met when putting together this book, for the pictures have little if anything to do with the limp print. Although catering primarily to men (young and old—"as long as they can afford it"), Annette (wasn't there an Annette in the Mouseketeers?) seems to prefer the company of a young female friend who also puts her pudenda on the line for dough. The lesbian sequences do writhe with some raw reality, and in the end further suggest that perhaps the illegal lass would fare better in a convent.

THE FRONT RUNNER

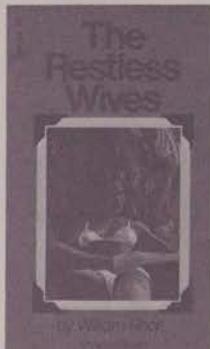


by Patricia Nell Warren
Bantam Books
X8712
\$1.75

One is tempted to ask, "what is a nice (and beautifully written) book like you, doing getting

reviewed on a page like this?" Well, A. Roused Reader, in an attempt to clean up his act and pull himself out from under the smothering pile of prurient print he usually wallows in, has decided to comment on some X-rated literary works which don't rely on cum-shots and clits to get their points across. That is not to say that his first choice for review, "The Front Runner," is devoid of groinal grinding (it is a raw and graphic gay love story on one level as well as a superior statement of athletic competition) but the sex scenes are neither gratuitous nor salacious, and if any erections are produced, they will be in the mind first. The only fault in Ms. Warren's work is that it is ominously written. Far too many "I can still see's" and "I remember's" shadow over the sinewy story of the affection between a track coach and his star long-distance lunger. Ms. Warren's perceptive look under the jockstrap is chillingly accurate, and a reader embued with the macho ethic may even feel a twinge of embarrassment as Patricia Nell toys with his dangling pride. By the time I had gotten to page 22, my list of quoteable passages had filled a card. Lines like "runners have a love affair going with their bodies," "homosexuality is the great skeleton in the closet of American athletics," and "they (homosexuals) are sick twisted people, the Lord will cast them into the eternal fire," are but a few of the gems in this great book. One certainly does not have to be gay to appreciate this fine work; just being alive is sufficient.

THE RESTLESS WIVES

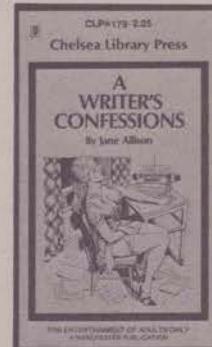


by William Scott
Greenleaf Classics
MR 7552
\$1.95

Suburbia has been a source for sordid sexual sessions since the steaming '50's, when writers like Salinger began pulling back the bedspreads and exposing the connubial bliss, or lack of same, of the commuter community. The trend extended late into the '60's, when a group of writers from *Newsweek* got together and ejaculated the adventures of a suburban slut in the bestseller, "Naked Came The Stranger." While one doubts that William Scott's unpreten-

tious little fistful of flesh, fur, and fevered fornication will threaten the stature of Salinger or "Stranger," I would strongly suggest employing it as the basis for a one-night beat-off adventure. Scott writes well—very well in fact—and his people are creations of dimension as well as pulsation. The location for his lustful lads and ladies is Cozy Canyon Lane, Anywhere, U.S.A., and his copulating cast includes a vast assortment of pieces and prides. The best scenes in the book involve more than two sex starved souls and if one's interest hasn't been drained off before he reaches page 57, he should delight in the menage between Ken, Gloria and Blanche. This and many other erotic interludes in the uninhibited tale will allow the reader to master his own one-hand technique. What's the one-hand technique? Well, it's a little exercise that comes in handy when reading a good beat-off book. You hold the book in one hand and you hold yourself in the other. The only hard part is turning the pages; the rest is a blast.

A WRITER'S CONFESSION



by Jane Allison
Manchester Publications
CLP 179
\$2.25

The idea was hard but the plot went limp. That's the obituary notice for this muddled mastur-manuscript about a sex book authoress who tries to practice what she beats out on her typewriter. Elsa Jordan, a sexually frustrated housewife, seeks to suck and screw her way through a host of holes while recording her racy romp for her readers. But her beddings and buttins are so boring that one suspects her readers will have turned to "Popular Mechanics" for relief. Jane Allison has been cranking out pubic prose for many years, and should be excused for what amounts to some wishful sexual self-indulgence. We all like to play the part of the hero or heroine in our works, but it is wiser to keep one's mind and fingers on the keys rather than the crotch when establishing a porn premise. Jane's literary lass is so obsessed with getting her own rocks off that she barely gives the men she is with the pleasure of her company. This is annoying, and one would love the chance to trip Elsa as she tumbles from her bed, her latest orgasm coursing down her thighs, to capture the moment at the end of a black nylon ribbon. Writing fuck books is an art of sorts, and neither the authoress nor her alter-ego have mastered that ability in this unerogenous outing. Perhaps A. Roused Reader will have to give them a few lessons. At least he will keep his men cumming as much as his women do, and since we are living in the Era of Sexual Equality, who could ask for more?

THE PHILOSOPHER

The important and the unimportant are the same only at the start.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

SEX BITS

TOKYO (HNS)—Divorce, something new in Japanese society, is now big business, and former interior decorator Isshin Maeda is taking advantage of it.

Maeda is president of the Beauty Life Association, which specializes in arranging meetings of divorcees (also widows and widowers) who want to find new spouses.

The fee for joining the Beauty Life Association is 10,000 Yen (about \$35), but Maeda does not guarantee success. He says that the major cause of divorce today is sexual incompatibility, and he urges members to engage in pre-nuptial tryouts if they are interested in each other.

Maeda believes that the success of his organization stems from the fact that most Japanese over the age of 35 have had little or no experience at courtship and need help in meeting and making out with members of the opposite sex.

ITHACA (HNS)—Sexism is still a snake in the grass of American society, claims Mary Lynch of Cornell University.

In a study of 1,296 urban and suburban families to see how family members share work, Lynch looked at the patterns of work of boys and girls from ages 6 to 17.

Household duties of the young are still sex-oriented, and until we commonly hear such things as "John, wash the dishes. Mary, cut the grass," it is likely to remain a sex-separated world, Lynch says.

Lynch adds that the fathers' role as models for their sons has been a primary factor in keeping sexist traditions alive.

SYRACUSE (HNS)—Parents cannot tell their adolescent children too much factual information about sex, says Dr. Sol Gordon, professor of child and family studies at Syracuse University, and the author of many books, including "The Sexual Adolescent," and "Sex and the Family."

"... Knowledge doesn't stimulate inappropriate behavior; ignorance does. If you tell children more than they can under-

HUSTLER NEWS SERVICE

Sex Bits brings you news from around the world on startling discoveries and revelations, fascinating gadgets and research, and a peek at the freakiest and most bizarre happenings. Presented monthly, these little quips of information will give any Hustler the well-rounded knowledge of what's going on and where to find it.

Compiled by
Richard Crownover

stand, they will ask another question or turn you off," Dr. Gordon says.

Since what parents "do not say," or try to hide about sex, is as powerful a teacher as are openness, honesty and factuality, parents themselves should be taught how to talk about sex with their children, Dr. Gordon adds.

Gordon warns that parents should be alert to the efforts of those who "claim to have a monopoly on the Judeo-Christian ethic," to act as public censors and to impose their views on everybody else.

"We must counter the propaganda that information is harmful or constitutes license for irresponsible behavior," he says.

NEW YORK (HNS)—Americans are still too uptight about sex, still too jealous, too possessive, and, in the case of males at least, still too insecure about their sexual virility and the size of their respective penises, for swinging to replace old-fashioned adultery.

This is the consensus of social scientists trying to keep up with what is going on in the American sex world today.

Somewhat surprising, perhaps, swinging is now judged to be declining as a "family sport," instead of expanding and developing as a viable life-style.

Reason for the downswing in swinging, the authorities say, is that basically swingers do it only for sexual variety, and not

because of any fundamental changes in their value systems.

As a result, swingers almost invariably try to keep their swinging discreet and "do not indoctrinate their young into the practice."

The prognosis: lots of people will continue to swing, but it will not replace clandestine adultery as the most practical way for a married couple to have their sex and eat it, too.

WINDSOR, ONT. (HNS)—"Post-Marital Singlehood" may never become a model form, but it is no longer the "dirty word" that it was just a few years ago, says University of Windsor sociology professor Robert N. Whitehurst, a specialist in alternate marriage styles and the sexual revolution.

Granting that the pressures for people to marry and remarry are still great, Whitehurst says that society as a whole is beginning to "tolerate" singlehood more easily.

"Many young people today are either wary of marriage or extremely cautious about getting into second marriages, and if this trend continues, social acceptance of post-marital singlehood will become a reality," Whitehurst observes.

"The main reason why more and more people are opting for the freedom and options of singlehood," Whitehurst continues, "is because they no longer have to get married to have a full, satisfying sex life."

He predicts that this situation will continue to develop as long as society continues to sanction individual privacy.

NEW YORK (HNS)—"More Joy," sexpert Alexander Comfort's sequel to his runaway bestseller "Joy of Sex," is a deceptive book that is probably much more than most of its buyers bargain for.

"More Joy" is not a super sex manual. After all, there are only a limited number of techniques or ways to engage in sexual activity that are pleasureable, and these can be covered in a relatively few pages.

"More Joy" is instead a sexual manifesto, a new "Bible" that aims for the heart of

human relationships, sexual relationships and sexuality, in that order.

In brief, "More Joy" makes the following four points:

(1) Marital happiness simply cannot be based on sexual exclusivity; (2) all sex acts are "normal;" (3) the use of mental, physical or emotional coercion in any sexual relationship is immoral; and, (4) it is more moral and infinitely better to have sex with many partners than to limit oneself to one partner.

This may bring comfort to those who have already managed to break out of the strait-jacket of Victorian sex, but it may also mean more frustration for those who are hopelessly hung-up on their sex taboos and fears.

WASHINGTON, D.C. (HNS)—Disgusted and dismayed by the persistent and growing presence of violence in society and between countries, many people have often wished that scientists could come up with a "peace pill" that would not adversely effect the mind in any way, but would eliminate all aggressive-violent tendencies.

Such dreams may not remain wishful thinking much longer—but the solution would more likely be a "piece pill" than a peace pill.

There is growing evidence to indicate that the deprivation of sensual pleasures is the source of most violence. It has been shown that the presence of sensual pleasure prevents the rage that leads to violence. In other words, sensual pleasure results in peaceful behavior.

Neuropsychologist James W. Prescott says that when the brain's pleasure circuits are "on," the violence circuits are "off"—and vice versa.

"Among human beings, a pleasure-prone personality rarely displays violent or aggressive behavior, and a violent personality has little ability to tolerate, experience or enjoy sensuously pleasing activities. As either violence or pleasure goes up, the other goes down," Prescott says.

To pithify the principle: a piece a day keeps violence away.

MADISON (HNS)—Whether you look favorably or critically at a delicious piece of cake you can't eat, the beautiful car you can't afford, or the sexy man/woman you can't jump in the sack with, is a matter of experience and maturity, notes University of Wisconsin developmental psychologists Vernon and Patricia Allen.

In a series of experiments, the Allens demonstrated that the less chance the individual has of actually having the forbidden fruit, the sweeter it appears to be.

SEX BITS

Both men and women generally exercise this syndrome in their sex fantasies, especially when they are about attractive TV and film stars.

Many, it appears, would run the other way if they were ever actually presented with an opportunity to bed their dream.

BOSTON (HNS)—When you speak words of love to your sweetheart, do they come out green? Does the sound of your name, or someone else's name, taste like burnt refried beans?

If this doesn't make sense, you are surely not a synesthete—one of those fortunate people who not only hear sounds, but see and taste them as well.

Synesthesia, the ability to hear colors, to see sounds and to even taste sounds, is not as far-out or as rare as one might think, according to Lawrence E. Marks, a researcher in the psychophysics of sensory processes at Yale University.

Marks says that most children are capable of synesthesia to varying degrees, but that most of them learn not to use the ability as they grow up. Those who do retain the ability see and hear life in psychedelic colors and sounds that makes the world of the average person dull by comparison, he adds.

Since all people are slightly different in their physical make-up, those who are synesthetes generally see different colors associated with the same sounds, and hear different sounds from the same colors, Marks explains.

To people who are sensitive in this way, ordinary words often have surprising colors and tastes. One woman, for example, said that the word "Italy" tasted like a small, white pickle. Some see specific colors for each letter in the alphabet, and can spell

hard-to-spell words by recalling the proper colors.

Marks believes that it might be possible to teach non-synesthetic adults to develop, or regain, the ability to hear, see, taste and love in delicious, harmonious technicolor.

BETHESDA (HNS)—Societies that prohibit premarital and extramarital sex are invariably riddled with physical violence and personal crime, according to neuropsychologist James W. Prescott, Health Administrator for the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development in Bethesda, Maryland.

In an in-depth look at body pleasure and the origins of violence, Prescott says that the deprivation of sexual pleasure throughout life—but especially during the formative years of childhood and adolescence—is very closely related to the amount of warfare and interpersonal violence in a society.

"Societies that place major emphasis on sexual chastity outside of monogamous marriages also emphasize military glory, and 'worship' aggressive gods," Prescott said.

Prescott added that a society that regards sexual pleasure as immoral and unacceptable approves of sex only if it is painful and involves violence.

This attitude in American society is the reason why we accept rape and violence on television and in movies, not to mention in real life, Prescott noted.

ANN ARBOR (HNS)—If you are having trouble in the bedroom, sleeping or loving, you may be suffering from "caffeine crazies," reports Dr. John F. Greden of the University of Michigan.

Greden says there are millions of "caffeine junkies" in the U.S., suffering from such things as insomnia, depressed libido, headaches, ringing ears, irregular heartbeat and other problems—and most of them are not aware of the source of their affliction.

Dr. Greden says it takes only about 250 mg. of caffeine a day to cause pronounced mental and physical disorders. One cup of coffee contains from 100 to 150 mg. of caffeine; a cup of tea from 65 to 75 mg.

Many people drink five or six cups of coffee a day, and some drink as many as 10 cups or more.

Other popular consumer products that depend upon caffeine for their "kick": Anacin, Bromo, Cope, Midol, Empirin Compound, Excedrin.

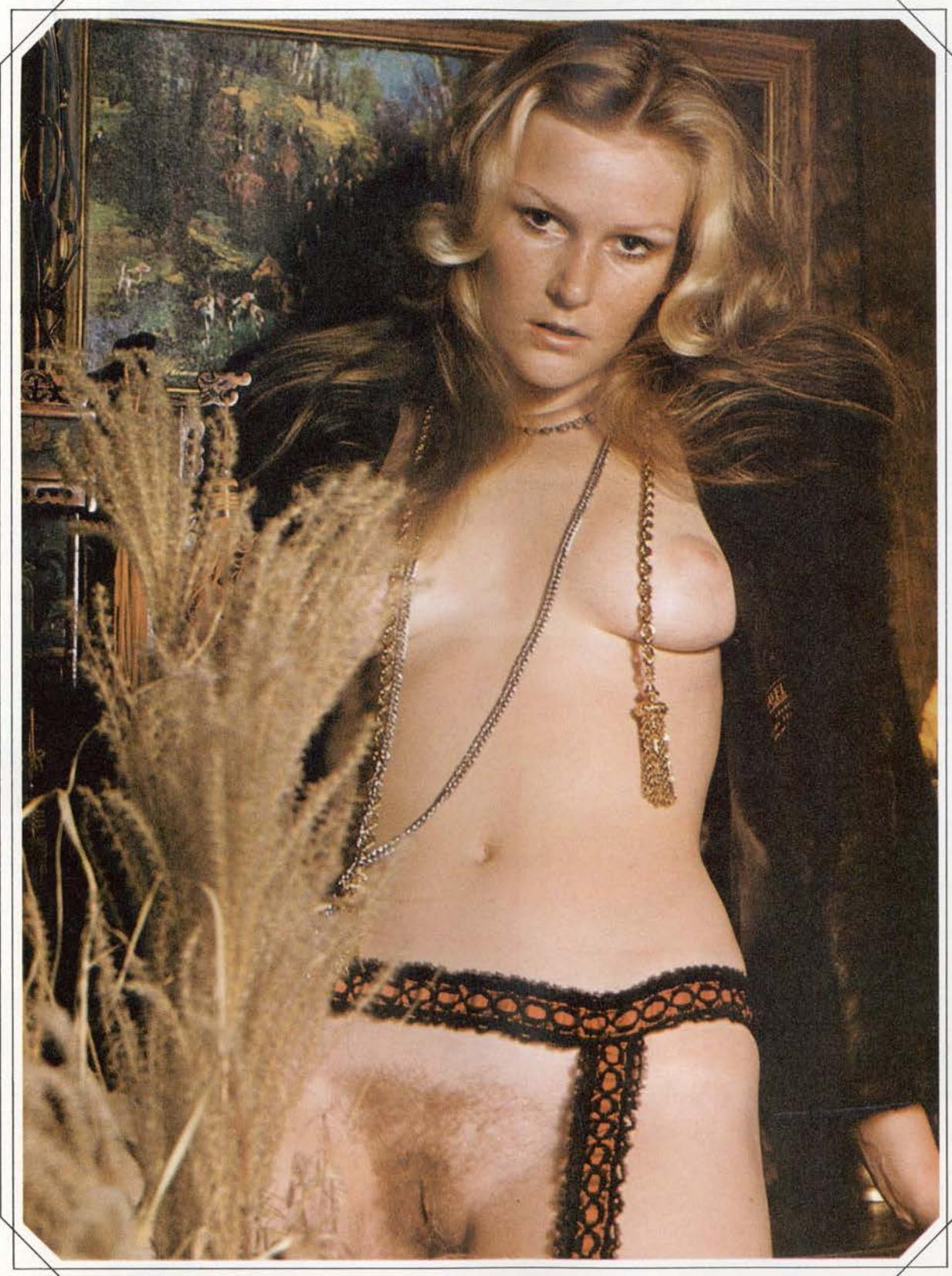
How long does it take to kick the caffeine habit? Most symptoms (depression, drowsiness, restlessness, headaches, etc.) are gone in two or three days, Greden said.

THE PHILOSOPHER

To the best of refuges I prefer their doorways.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

SABRINA



"TELL ME WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE"



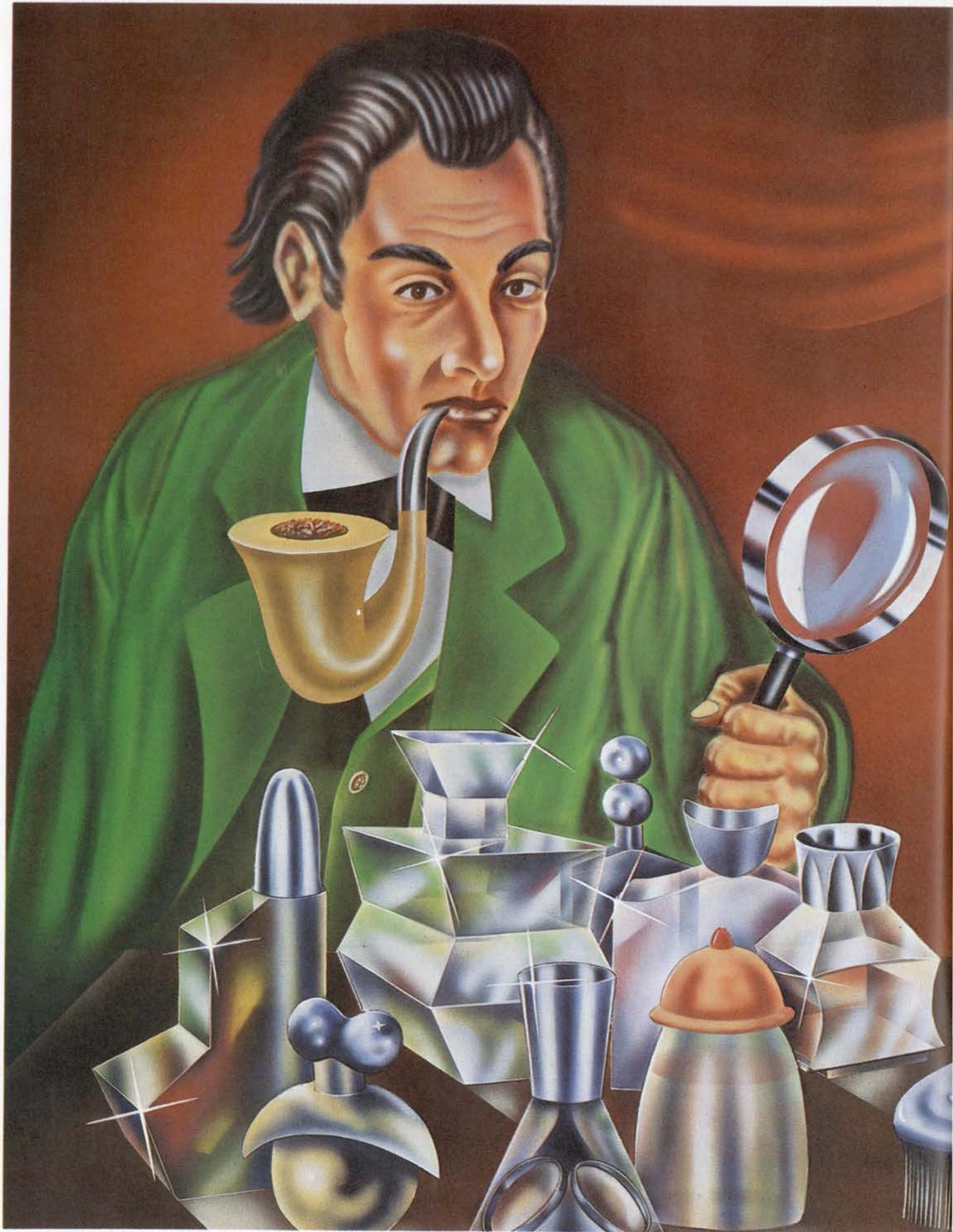
"
A
s I
was growing
up I found it hard
to tell a man to
make love to me.
I had a complex
about my body
and my sexuality.
And when I finally
did go to bed with
a guy, I was very
shy and reserved.
Finally I met a
man that made
me feel like the
most beautiful girl
in the world! He
said the only way
to get over this
was for me to hold
open my pussy
and to get used
to showing it to
him. Meanwhile,
as I held it open
to his full view,
he would tell me
how pretty and
soft it looked."

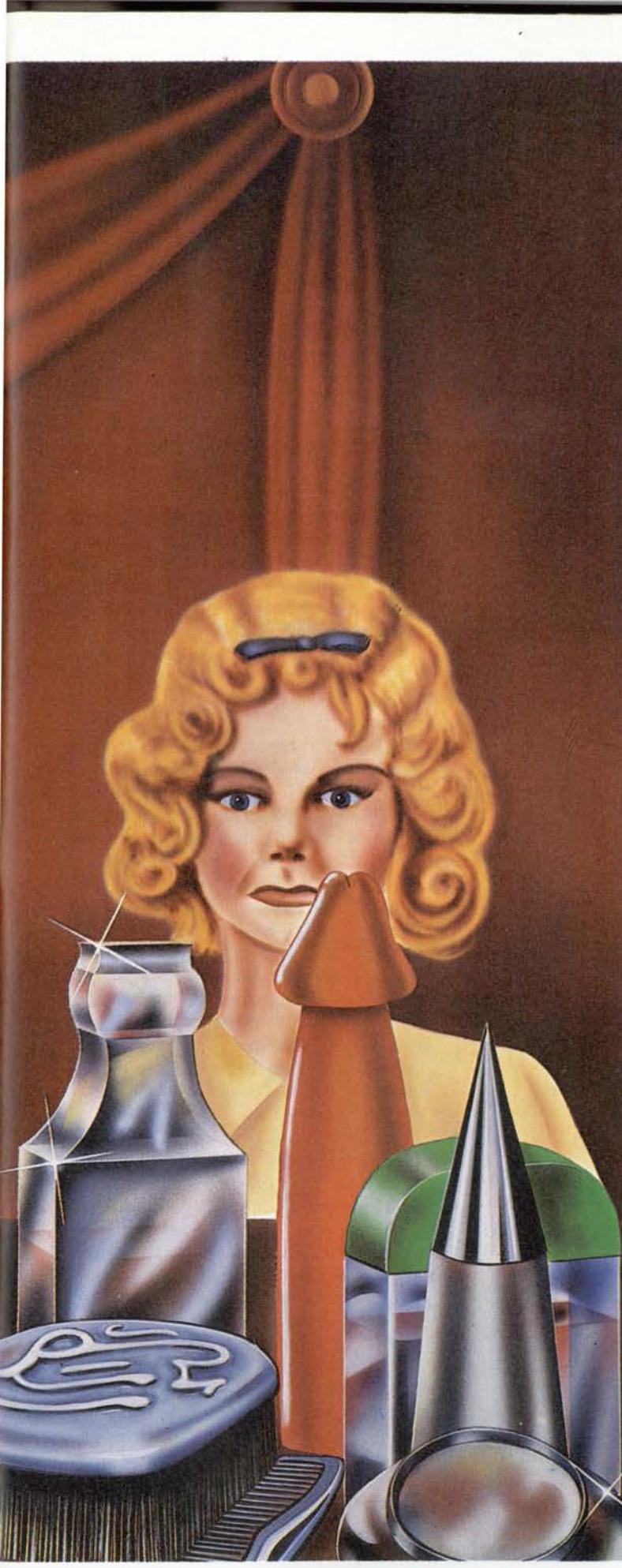




"T his only made me hold it open more! "Then, as he would tell me how it shined as if the morning dew had just settled on it, I would find myself shoving it closer to his face and quivering all over with excitement and begging him to kiss it and touch it, inside and out. Well, after our relationship broke off I still like a man to let me hold it as far apart as I can, while I grow all dewey and wet in anticipation of what is to come."







The Affair Of The Disappearing Dildo

by "Dr. John H. Twatson"

It was early in '69 as my friend, Mr. Sherlock Homo and I had returned from an evening at the burlesque with Professor Morphidity, and our landlady, Mrs. Jisum, was yet to recover from her second abortion, when a telegram arrived at our humble lodgings of 221-b Maker-street, which was destined to propel my friend into a passionate mode that, to my knowledge, he had rarely experienced.

"I say, Homo," said I, as I sat at the breakfast table sampling the smoked oysters a medical associate had recommended, "I think someone is beating on the door."

Homo raised himself from the sofa where he had been earnestly reviewing a series of French postcards, and began pulling on his mouse-coloured robe. "Since Mrs. Jisum is temporarily incapacitated," he said, moving towards the door, "I shall go down myself and see who it is. Twatson, you wait here and tidy up the room in case it's Inspector Losturd."

Hardly had I managed to clear away the breakfast things, when Homo returned through the door, holding a thin piece of paper in his hand, and a curious expression on his face.

"What do you make of this?" he asked, holding up the flimsy message for my inspection.

I cast my eyes over it, and huffingly replied, "I should say that one of England's gracious Ladies has need of your unusual abilities."

"Ah, good old Twatson," smiled my companion, "the one fixed point in the centre of an orgasm. I'm afraid you've come in through the back door, as it were, on this one, dear friend. It is infinitely more exciting than that. If you had been around as much as I have, you would know that the sender of this wire, Lay —er—, I mean, Lady Gwendolyn Smythe, owns the largest collection of erotica this side of the Channel!"

"No shit!" I shouted in mild surprise.

Thus it was that, with a highly animated spirit, I joined my companion on his journey to the spacious estate in the country of Bristles-on-the-Thigh, which came right after Shaving-on-the-Leg. We drew up at the gate of the Smythe demesne just before the final stroke of noon, where we were cheerfully greeted by what appeared to be the youngest member of the Smythe coterie.

A young maiden with rosebud cheeks and of no more than ten years smiled at us from the front steps as we ejaculated from our cab. In her glittering eyes and mischievous countenance, I caught the hint of musky adoration that bespoke a breathless anticipation of our coming.

"You—you're Mr. Sherlock Homo, aren't you?" the girl asked, peeking out from behind golden curls. "I've read all about your affairs in the *Phoenix* magazine—the one with pictures."

"Have you, now?" Homo replied, laying his hand upon the ingenue's cheek. "Then I need hardly introduce my overly-explicative Boswell, Dr. Twatson."

Homo made a quaint gesture in my direction with his middle finger.

"Oh, I'm so excited," screamed the little girl, hopping from one foot to the other. "I can hardly wait to see you both in action," she squealed, "but somehow, Doctor, I sort of fantasized that you would be much—much larger."

"You shouldn't believe everything depicted in those magazines," I admonished winkingly. "They have a tendency to run illustrations of people whose positions, I can tell you, are utterly impossible."

"Come now, Twatson," whispered Homo, taking hold of me, "don't ruin the maid before we've started." My companion then turned his attention to the sweet child before us and inquired, "How is it that you expected us?"

"Oh, I have a feeling for these things," the little mink answered. "A sort of electric magnetism courses through my body and I know instinctively that someone is coming. Besides, I overheard Grandmama telling Donger to send for you," she added coyly.

Homo's interest suddenly shot up. "And who is this Donger person?" he wanted to know.

"Him," said the child, turning her wonderful body in order to point at an advancing figure who gave every impression of being Lady Gwendolyn's man.

This stern fellow conducted us to his mistress' bedchamber, and, by way of answering a question posed by Homo, informed us that the young girl (whose name, tantalizingly enough, was Ginger) was on holiday from her parents, and spending the greater part of this month here at her grandmother's bedside.

We found the majestic matron in her tastefully furnished boudoir, surrounded by darkly-stained walls, an enormous bed, and several cases of lacquer-finished erotic books. A massive clock with a long hanging pendulum stood next to three plushly curtained, lead-framed windows; a collection of erotic statues guarded the heavy doors through which Homo and I made our

entrance. To our left stood a high mirrored table that was covered with strangely shaped perfume bottles, and ornate antique comb-and-brush sets. Several comfortable chaise longues were set around the hearth on our right, and a series of exciting chiaroscuro paintings lined the walls.

Lady Gwendolyn Smythe was a rounded, budding woman with coy eyes and blueberry nipples. No sooner had the butler ushered us into his mistress' sanctum, than the Grand Dame rushed forward, carrying what I took to be a pad of bright blue velvet.

"Mr. Homo," she breathed heavily, "how good of you to come."

My friend smiled at this opening, and asked the Lady what he could do for her.

"Here," she answered, thrusting the square of velvet into Homo's face. "Here is where it was, laying at the foot of my bed!"

Homo inspected the cloth pad for a moment and then he said, "I take it that this was the resting place of some valuable object."

"An *invaluable* object," the titled tart answered. "Picture if you can, Mr. Homo, the smoothest, most valuable dildo ever created. A magnificent beauty from the fourth dynasty, China!"

"The Wong of Fu Manchu?" hazarded my friend.

"You know of it?" the woman asked in surprise.

"My dear Lady," Homo murmured, "what person hasn't heard of the most famous dildo in the world?"

Lady Gwendolyn nodded. "Originally, it was carved in the likeness of the emperor of the province of Blo-Job, but it has since been worn smooth from centuries of use."

"And now, it is missing," said Homo, his eyes aglow.

"Well, hell yes, it's missing!" the majestic matron shouted. "Why do you suppose I sent for you? As an historical erotic artifact, the Wong is utterly priceless! I was showing it to my consort yesterday afternoon around half-past one, when Donger started screwing the upstairs maid. My partner and I rushed up the steps in order to watch, and when we came back, the dildo was gone. Vanished completely!"

"Tell me," Sherlock Homo said, putting his arm around the woman's shoulder and fondling her right breast, "who is your consort?"

Lady Gwendolyn smiled and reached down into my friend's trousers. "A magnificent German shepherd."

"I assume you are referring to a dog," Homo said with distaste. "In that case, m'lady, I've another question. Who besides yourself, your —er— consort, your man, and the upstairs maid knows of the Wong's disappearance?"

"No one," answered the Grand Dame. "The downstairs maid, Tally, was in town buying groceries with the cook. The coachman took them, and they didn't return until later in the evening. But, as soon as they got back, I marched them all right upstairs and spent the next three hours going over every inch of their persons." The woman's teeth sought to nibble on Homo's left ear-lobe. "It was a titillating evening," she hissed, "but I failed to find the dildo."

"What about your man, Donger?" Homo asked, drawing away from the sodomized shrew. "Perhaps he covets the Wong."

Lady Gwendolyn Smythe finally gave up.

"Donger wasn't even in the room until after we discovered the disappearance!" she cried, smoothing back her hair. "Moreover, during the ten years he has been with me, theft is the only vice he has proven himself above."

"Indeed?" Homo smiled. "I should very much like to speak with this fellow, m'lady, but first, tell me, why did you wait until this morning to send for Dr. Twatson and myself?"

"This morning was when the other tragedy occurred," she answered coldly. "I awoke this morning to find that Tally was in the midst of yet another of her attacks. It seems that sometime during the night, she had started flogging herself with my garter-belt. At least that's the way it appeared when I found her unconscious body lying there on the floor next to the vanity. Her backside was completely covered with raw and swollen marks where the snaps had bitten into her buttocks."

This seemed to interest my companion
continued on page 90

‘ ‘
**Sherlock Homo
exposed his mas-
sive piston. “Tell
me Ginger, does
this remind you
of anything?”**
‘ ‘

Regine

What more could a woman want?



Regine

When it comes to time, Regine has plenty. Time to dream about the future and what's in store for her. Being rich and bored, Regine has little appreciation for the tangible things in life. Her afternoons are filled with fantasies and pure physical pleasure. She loves to look at and touch herself, feeling and loving everything a man gets when he gets her. She's got the art of masturbation down pat, and is now ready for a man to teach her ecstatic delights. Regine says, "I love a man to teach me new and enjoyable sex practices, and I can teach some to him as well. Although my afternoons are often spent alone, when I do have a hard stout man about, I like to give him my best."

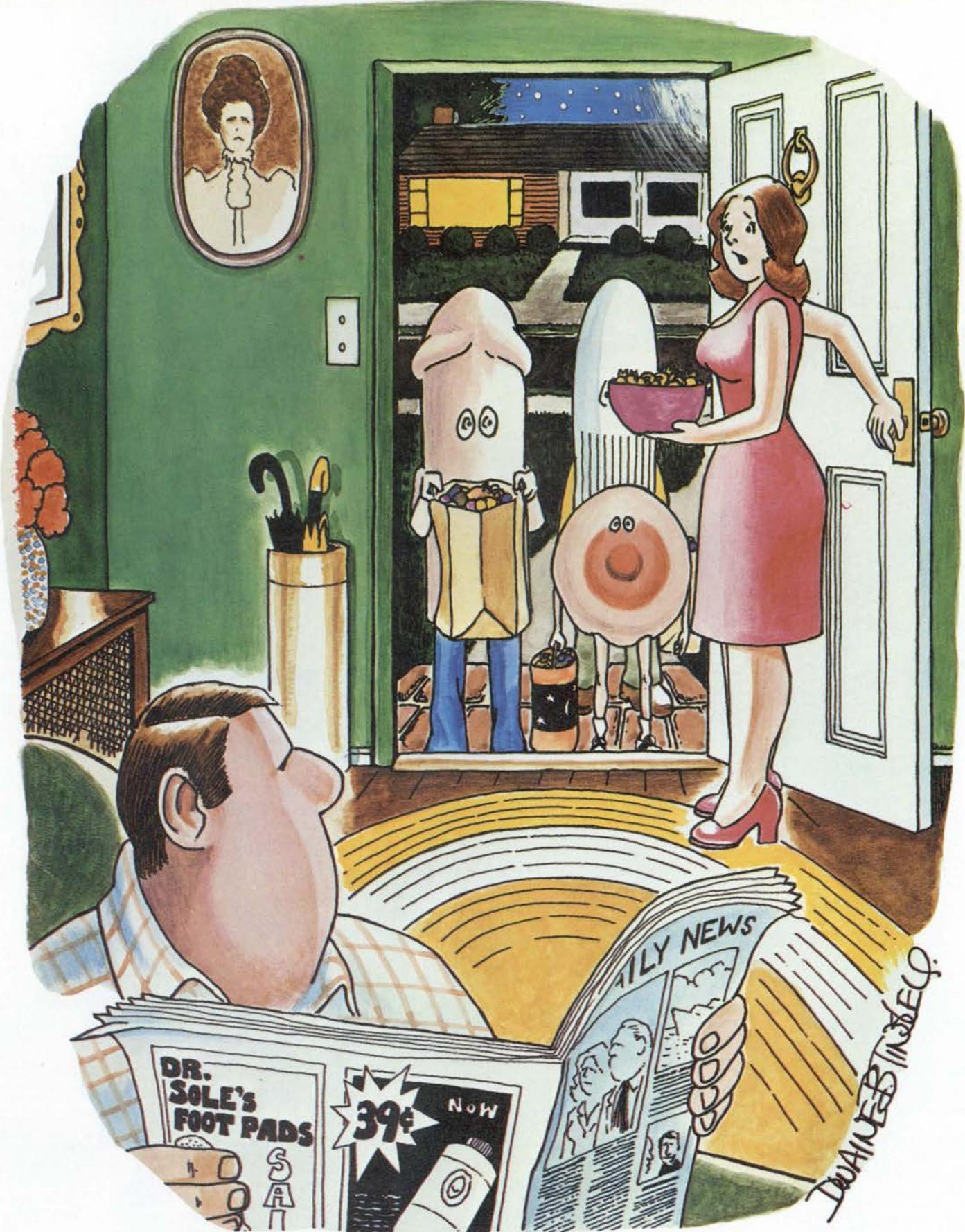


cafe









"Somehow Halloween isn't the same as it was when I was a little girl!"

HUSTLER HUMOR



... and if you think that's funny...

A priest and a beautiful nun were riding, by camel, to a desert mission when they became lost.

On the fourth day their camel died, and the two resigned themselves to an inglorious end.

The old priest, thinking about his life of celibacy began to stare more and more at the beautiful nun. Finally he decided.

"Sister Anne," he said, withdrawing his manhood, "do you know what this is?"

"No," she replied, "what is it?"

"This," he replied, "is the staff of life."

"Oh goody" she chirped. "Ram it up that dead camel's ass and let's get out of here."

There once was a sailor who wanted to marry a virgin. After many years of searching to no avail, he decided that the only way to have his dream come true was to raise a girl to suit him. Finding an abandoned 8 year old girl, he took her on board his ship and kept her until her 18th birthday, whereupon he married her.

Carrying her to his cabin he laid her gently on his bunk and went to his sea chest and produced a jar of vaseline. She asked him, "What is that for?"

"So that I won't hurt you my dear," said he.

"Oh," she said, "why don't you just spit on it like the rest of the crew?"

HUSTLER Definition of a whippersnapper:
The photographer at a flagellation party.

The shapely blonde next to the young man at the bar was wearing an amazing pair of pants. No zippers, no buttons, nothing. Tapping her on the shoulder the man asked, "Pardon me, but how do you get into your pants?" She smiled sweetly and said, "You can start out by buying me a drink."

A young man bumped into an older woman in a hotel elevator. He turned to her and said, "I'm sorry ma'am for bumping into you but if your heart is as big and soft as your tits, I just know you'll forgive me."

The woman just smiled and said, "Yes, and if your cock is as big and hard as your elbow, I'm in room 213."

Hear how the young witch survived the recession? She sold her used tampons to vampires . . . as tea bags!

There were two fleas on a woman's belly. One crawled in through the front door and one crawled around and in through the rear. The next morning the front flea asked the rear flea, "How was your night?" "Oh, fair" he replied, "but the damned south wind blew foul all night long and almost blew me out of bed. How about you?" "Oh, fine at first," the front flea said, "but then some bald-headed son of a bitch stuck his head in the window and puked all over me."

A cute chick came into a bar and ordered a bottle of Budweiser. After she drank it, she passed out. The bartender suggested to the only customer at the bar that they take her into the back room and fuck her. And they did.

Word got around, and the next day when the girl came in and ordered a bottle of Budweiser there were a dozen guys at the bar. After she drank the beer she passed out again, and the dozen dudes took her into the back room and fucked her.

On the third day there were 24 studs at the bar. The girl came in, ordered up a Budweiser, drank it and passed out. Then the 24 studs took her into the back room and fucked the living shit out of her.

The next day when she came in, the girl ordered a bottle of Coors. "But you always drink Budweiser," said the surprised bartender. "Well I decided to change brands," the cutie replied.

"Why's that?"

"Because Budweiser hurts my pussy."

HUSTLER will now pay \$25 for every gag we choke on. And \$10 for each Definition. Send to: Hustler Humor, 36 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215. Jokes become the property of HUSTLER and will not be returned.



SEX PLAYS A PART IN PREXY POLITICS

by Frank Thistle

"Almost any woman would rather sleep with the President of the United States than with her favorite actor."

So says one of the country's top female political analysts.

"Sex appeal is the single most important factor in Presidential politics today," she claims. "If a Presidential candidate doesn't have sex appeal going for him, he might as well forget it. Women are extremely influential in deciding who becomes President of the United States, and their prime consideration is his sex appeal—or lack of it."

Our political pundit goes on to explain her definition—a woman's definition—of sex appeal as it pertains to Presidential politics: "Sex appeal in a Presidential candidate comprises a number of factors. Looks are probably the *least* important. Power is the *most* important. Running a close second is charm. I would rate strength in the show spot, with honesty and vitality next, and place brains and wealth at the end of the list of sex appeal factors."

The only U.S. President who possessed all these ingredients was John F. Kennedy—and he had them all in spades. There probably wasn't a normal woman in the Western world who didn't have a sex fantasy about him. And it is alleged that some several hundred females had their dreams come true!

According to columnist Earl Wilson in his new book, *Show Business Laid Bare*, Kennedy kept a stable of actresses, secretaries, models and stewardesses. His sexual score card, Wilson claims, ran into the hundreds because women found him irresistible.

A well-kept secret was his reputed affair with Marilyn Monroe. For many years, rumors flew that the actress had been deeply involved with Robert Kennedy during the last year of her life. "Marilyn Monroe was fascinated with Bobby

Kennedy," writes Wilson, "and had a continuing flirtation with him." However, Wilson goes on to insist that "Marilyn's first choice was the President, whom she called Mr. President even in the boudoir."

Just why is sex appeal so important to a Presidential candidate? First of all, women comprise over half of the electorate in the nation today. And, as the old adage goes, there's strength in numbers.

Secondly, about 75 percent of the volunteer workers in a Presidential campaign are women. Because women do so much of the campaign "leg work," they naturally carry a lot of clout and can get a candidate's ear. Volunteer women turn other women on to their candidate by knocking on doors, calling on the telephone, sending out political propaganda, arranging for coffee klatches and cocktail parties at which women can meet the candidate, and sometimes even driving people to the polls.

Why do women constitute the bulk of political party workers? One reason, of course, is that they have more free time. But this is really a minor consideration. The real reason they become as dewey-eyed and as enthusiastic as high school cheerleaders is simply SEXUAL DESIRE! Almost all women who engage in political activities do so because they are not finding sexual satisfaction in marriage or they are divorced.

"Being a political worker gives a sexually frustrated woman a chance to get out of the house and easily start an affair," says a prominent psychiatrist who is a close observer of the political scene. "They rationalize that they are doing something good for their country, but in reality they are just looking for a convenient, socially acceptable way to meet men. Society frowns upon unattached women who frequent bars and cocktail lounges, but a female political campaign worker can go anywhere she damn well pleases, under the

guise of 'work,' and no one lifts an eyebrow."

One veteran campaign worker in her middle thirties substantiates this fact in these words: "When I first got divorced I didn't know what to do. I didn't have any children to look after and I was getting good alimony, so I didn't need to work. But after a few months of sitting at home reading and watching TV, I became bored and horny as hell. A vibrator and dildo were not satisfactory substitutes for the kind of heavy masculine loving I had grown accustomed to.

"Finally, a friend suggested I become a political volunteer worker. She told me it was a real groovy way to meet men. I leaped at the chance. I wasn't on the job two days before I met this guy at a fund-raising party. I soon had a long and satisfying sexual relationship with him. After we broke up, I had affairs with half a dozen other men. Believe me, being a political campaign worker is the only way to fly—sexually speaking."

Political party workers are, by definition, fanatically devoted to their candidate. They'll do almost anything for him, so strong is their worship of the politician for whom they are working.

A lot of women who become political workers actually fall in love with the candidate for whom they are working—at least from afar. Fortunate, indeed, is the woman who is turned-on by her "boss" and gets a chance to bestow her sexual favors on him. This is the ultimate thrill for any female campaign aide.

"Unless you've seen it, as I have," says one woman veteran of many political wars, "you just can't imagine the hold politicians have on their lady workers... especially if they have sex appeal. Why, I've seen women go absolutely bananas just shaking the hand of the politician they are working for. I remember one time all the women in the office had been working from sunup to

sundown, and we still had more work to do to get the job done.

"I called our candidate, told him about the situation, and suggested he come over and spur them on. Well, he came over, said hello to all the women, shook their hands, and patted them on the back—and a few on the fanny as well—and those women perked up as though they had had a shot of adrenalin. They gladly worked another four hours until midnight happy as larks."

One political expert I talked to mentioned the fact that women are turned on by titles. It's all part of the Power Syndrome. If they meet a congressman or senator, they swoon. Meeting the Secretary of State would probably give them an orgasm, and if they ever met the President of the U.S., well they'd probably drop their panties and lie down and hope to feel a Presidential pri... well... er... you know, right?

There are some subtleties in the matter of sex appeal that no Presidential aspirant should overlook. To do so would be to court disaster. Basically, a candidate should be straight, be married, and have a touch of "maybe he'd be right for me" with which women could identify and fantasize.

It's all right to swing a little if done discreetly, as John Kennedy reputedly did. You may remember that classic quote of Henry Kissinger's, when he was asked by reporter Sally Quinn during his early days in the Nixon Administration if he was a swinger, and he replied: "Well, you couldn't call me a swinger because of my job. Why don't you just assume I'm a secret swinger?" Eventually, everybody did.

Being married gives a Presidential candidate a respectable image. Being a bachelor is nearly akin to being a sex pervert, when it comes to winning the Presidential sweepstakes. Only one bachelor ever reached the White House—that was Grover Cleveland, and he married a year later.

The "maybe he'd be right for me" touch is something a candidate either has or he hasn't. If he hasn't got it, there's little he can do about it. Can a leopard change its spots? Looks enter into this, but not necessarily good looks. Rather, it's physique. Women really don't mind if a Presidential candidate doesn't look like Rock Hudson as long as he is physically suitable. By suitable, we mean rather big and tall. Consider our last four Presidents—Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon and Ford. Johnson had an imposing physique, as does Ford. Kennedy was tall and Nixon was no midget—at least physically!

There is one other very, very important factor which can make or break a Presidential candidate—his wife. In a sense, she is part of a candidate's sex appeal. It has been said that the real reason Kennedy just

There have been many theories about that fateful night. Whether or not Kennedy lied about it, one thing is almost perfectly clear—Ted was up to a little mischief, or at least had hoped to be. He'll never be able to live that night down.

The other albatross around his neck also concerns a woman—his wife, Joan. Joan is a beautiful blonde and few find fault with her looks. It's the way she loves to show off her body that many women don't like. Joan used to go to White House parties wearing the smallest of mini-skirts and see-through blouses. In addition, she has been convicted of drunken driving, and has been in and out of private sanitariums for emotional problems.

Considering Kennedy's liabilities, the man with the most sex appeal of any possible Presidential contender has got to be John Glenn, the Democratic senator from Ohio. Glenn, you will recall, was the first American astronaut to orbit the earth. He is certainly one of America's truly authentic heroes. His record is spotless and he is as pure mentally, physically and morally, as freshly fallen snow.

Glenn has just about everything going for him in the way of sex appeal. He's got a smile that won't quit, good looks, charm, and tremendous vitality. He is happily married, has a family, and is a mighty savvy guy. The Big Daddy of American astronauts has been hailed as "the new Eisenhower." Undoubtedly, he would surround himself with men "as clean as a hound's tooth," as Ike once referred to the kind of men he wanted around himself. Glenn's only drawback is the fact that he is a very fresh freshman senator and hasn't yet had much experience in office.

Another candidate with near infallible sex appeal is Ronald Reagan. The smiling Irishman and ex-governor of California just oozes charm. He's handsome and wealthy, and women just adore his pretty and petite wife, Nancy. Based on sex appeal, Reagan could well be our next President.

Big John Connally, a veteran politician, has a lot in common with Reagan. He exudes charm and appears to be a pillar of strength. He looks just like a President should look—big of stature, handsome and self-assured. The only blemish on his record is having been charged by the government with taking a bribe, but he was

continued on page 97

The youngest and best-looking President, JFK was also rumored to have been the biggest lover.

barely beat Nixon was that voters were more captivated with Jackie than with Pat. And maybe Nixon's crushing defeat of McGovern was that the nation's women had come to love Pat as First Lady and were hardly impressed with Eleanor McGovern.

Without question, women voters are turned-off by a candidate who isn't nice to his wife. And women don't like to feel out-classed by a candidate's wife. Inwardly, they want to feel capable of taking a candidate away from his wife (either temporarily or permanently) if they had the chance.

So far, we've looked at the various aspects of sex appeal in Presidential politics. Now let's consider the sex appeal of some of the leading Presidential prospects for 1976, starting with Ted Kennedy, the man who would seem to have more sex appeal than all other contenders. It's true that he has more going for him in many respects, but he is also saddled with two serious drawbacks.

Chappaquiddick, of course, is his No. 1 political Achilles Heel. The American public is generally quick to forgive and forget, but it is doubtful that they will ever quite forget the tragic night of July 18, 1969, when Mary Jo Kopechne drowned in Kennedy's car after it plunged off a bridge on Cape Cod. There were a number of flaws and inconsistencies in the Senator's explanation of what happened, and they have never been resolved.

THE PHILOSOPHER

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From that which was not.**

ANTONIO PORCHIA

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AMBER is one of those girls that does not waste time. She is sexy and saucy and what every man dreams of having, at least at one time or another. She says she is glad things have changed from the way they used to be when she was growing up. "Men used to think women didn't have desires and get as turned on by sex as they did. Boy, that's a farce! I have always enjoyed good pumping-and-grinding sex since I was very young and seem to enjoy it more and more. "I guess it is true that you are as good as your partner, because I have not been to bed with a man I did not enjoy. I have always been unconventional and had to find out for myself what is good or bad. There was a song once that said, 'what goes up must come down' . . . I would love to disprove that some time. "Of course, I have never met a man with my stamina. I can fuck all the time anyway, and never be sore. I guess because it stays so juicy! Show me a man that I can't handle, and I will show you a girl that does not want to stop trying!"



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HUSTLER INTERVIEW

JOE CONFORTE

KING OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST BROTHEL

by Ron Offen

Joe Conforte, famed brothel owner, learned early what men want when he was a young cab driver in California. He knew where to drive the guys—but the first locations were wrong. His rise to fame and fortune began when he moved to Nevada, to provide the services of love-for-sale-girls where it was legal. Now the cabs, cars and trucks all flock to his place.

Eight miles outside of Reno on Route 80, an official highway sign in green and white marks the turn off for Mustang Ranch, the most famous of several places of prostitution which Joe Conforte now owns.

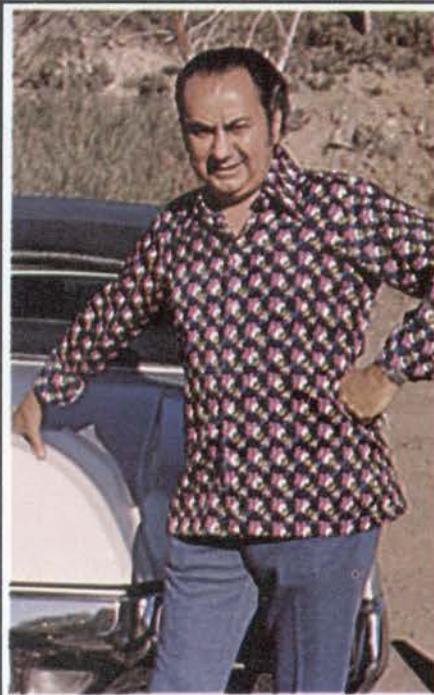
Red swashes of paint on big rock boulders along the winding turnoff road point the way over the bridge to his little houses cluttered together between the hills, open twenty-four hours a day.

Joe Conforte is not always at his Mustang Ranch, as he is busy overseeing other places in his extensive operation. But Mustang Ranch is perhaps the most favorite, for in his words, "Here is where we have the nicest and the prettiest girls."

Is Joe Conforte a pimp or a conisseur of fine whores? Make up your own mind after reading this exclusive HUSTLER interview, or pick up a copy of the newly published book, "Girls of Nevada," from Lyle Stuart's Citadel Press, Inc.

HUSTLER: Greetings Joe. You are unique, considered to be the king of legalized prostitution. Tell us what you think your correct title should be? How do you see yourself?

CONFORTE: First let me say I think HUSTLER is a beautiful magazine. That's



class like in "ass"—with a capital "C" like in "Cunt." I'm really impressed with the beautiful girls you show.

HUSTLER: Thanks, Joe—that means a lot from an expert in girls—especially around these parts. Now how would you describe yourself? Cunt King of our time?

CONFORTE: This is one part I am sensitive about. Never say I am a master of the pimps. Remember, everything we do here is legal. When I say "here," I mean at Mustang Ranch in Storey County, and the other places here and in Lyon County in Nevada. I'm just an overseer of the girls' houses actually—and at this place my wife is the real boss.

HUSTLER: Was your wife ever one of your girls? That is, was your wife ever one of the

girls who worked for you in a house of prostitution?

CONFORTE: Hell, no. My Sally was never a girl for sale—but she never saw nothing wrong with girls who did sell it. She had operated a couple of small houses herself—and one day she called me for advice. Then we got the idea to get married and pool our ideas as well as the labor. I forgot why now, but it took us two years to get around to the ceremony.

HUSTLER: And did your new wife want to come in and change everything in the house as some new wives want to do?

CONFORTE: You guessed it. She did think I needed to alter this and change that. When she got through remodeling, I found the bills came to about \$30,000 to transform my old shack to a spiffy bungalow with eight rooms and two baths.

HUSTLER: What does your wife think of you being a ladies' man?

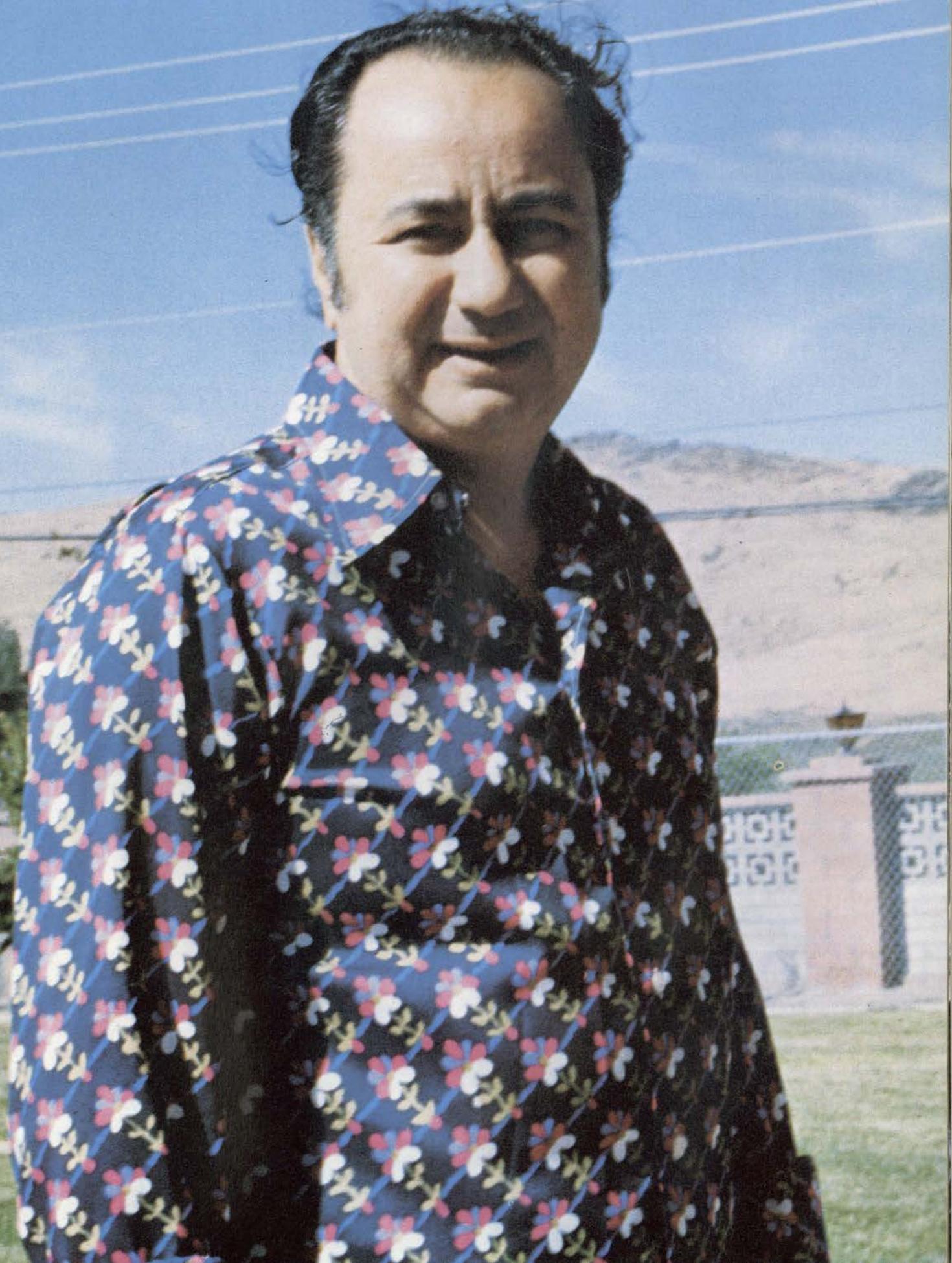
CONFORTE: She is very understanding. She knows as a kid I worked in a fruit store—so I guess I started early sampling the produce.

HUSTLER: Is there anything that is forbidden between the girls and the customers?

CONFORTE: No, almost everything goes, except two things. See that sign there? That means for everybody: "There Is To Be No Kissing On the Mouth."

HUSTLER: You mean a customer can kiss the girl on the snatch or she can kiss his cock up and back, but meanwhile they can't kiss each other on the lips? Why is that?

CONFORTE: For two reasons: One, the first and the most important, it can spread colds and flu. The girls certainly don't want to spread such germs to the customers—and she certainly doesn't want to catch



them herself, because what if she got a heavy cold and couldn't work? That really cuts into her steady income. And the second reason: They like to reserve kisses on the mouth, or on the lips, for their boyfriends. That is something they like to save for their own special lovers.

HUSTLER: Their lovers are all guys? Do any of your girls go for girls? Are there some lesbians in the crowd?

CONFORTE: If there are any lesbians here, I certainly don't know about it—nor has anybody ever told me so. If they want to rub pussy, that is of course up to them. That'd be between them. But their cunts are really pretty busy and occupied here to take much time out to fool around.

HUSTLER: If anything goes, then whatever they do is O.K., right?

CONFORTE: I didn't mention—we also tell the customers no anal intercourse. If the girls break this rule we certainly can't do anything about it.

HUSTLER: Why that rule? Are the girls afraid of getting hurt?

CONFORTE: That is partly right—some of these guys have such big cocks, they could hurt a little girl real bad. This may seem like a little thing to you—or to other guys—but it is a big thing to the girls. Also another reason: It really isn't fair to the other girls if one gets herself fucked in the ass—cause for that they demand more money—so it does upset our price structure.

one for the time entries and one for the money collected.

HUSTLER: What if the guy is having such a good fuck he wants to make it last longer and stay longer?

CONFORTE: Of course, that again is up to the individual girl. If he is six or seven minutes longer in coming, on purpose or unplanned, she probably would say nothing. But if the ten minutes begins to stretch out to another twenty, or from the looks of his cock it seems to stretch out further, she stops the action until they settle on further time and charges.

HUSTLER: Do you mean if she is blowing a guy and he hasn't come she will lay off his cock to ask for more money if he wants more time—or more action?

CONFORTE: Well, it is usually possible for most guys to decide how much time he will need to come. But if in the middle of the action he wants to expand the scene with another girl, then of course the rate would go up again.

HUSTLER: Do you find some studs will often take on more than one girl?

CONFORTE: Sure, sometimes, and maybe the second girl watches or tickles his balls. Who knows what the guy may want her to do—that is up to the customer.

HUSTLER: What would you say is the average day's turnover? How long do your girls work each day? . . . Or each working period?

walks through our gates, the maid at the door buzzes him in—and at the same time, she rings the bell so every girl not on her back working with a jock can come out for the line-up, to meet the new live one. The real workers, of course, never want to sit down long enough to have a complete meal at one stretch—you might say they eat in snatches, depending on the traffic. Our doors are always open, for twenty-four hours a day. We never lock our doors—so you can see how the dinner hour can be the busiest time.

HUSTLER: How many girls do you have, and how do the shifts work?

CONFORTE: The total number of girls here averages up to forty. Usually never less than twelve are on duty at one time. I like to have no less than five girls come out to welcome our visitors. Every girl has to serve some of the lean shift—or the "dog-watch" as they call it. The maids keep the shift chart—so the girls rotate, while still being flexible. In the morning hours, from eleven on, we might begin to get the local crowd—the ones who said they're "going shopping for groceries," or maybe the guys who are out for a coffee break—or who come during their lunch hour. In the afternoon we might start getting some visitors—the tourist crowd gets the thickest from 7:00 P.M. on to 3:00 A.M. When Reno has a convention, of course, the place is jumping. My orders are that a minimum of five must be ready for the line-ups to greet the guys when they walk through the door—so out of the forty that might be working here, the lineup could have as many as eighteen or twenty available. When the lineup is the longest, with the girls all thigh-to-thigh, they need to begin a formation of a "U," or, as the girls call it, "The Senior Graduation Class." If we get a sudden rush in the late hours, and some of the girls have gone to sleep, one of the maids or another girl on duty may knock on her door and say there's a crowd coming in.

HUSTLER: Do you let them decide about their own time—is it up to them? You don't tell them how much they have to work?

CONFORTE: Sure, they're free agents you might say. They're free to take on as many as they wish—this is no white slave market. They know they can leave at any time. If some girl starts work and at the end of the day—or the end of a half hour—she says she can't take it, I say, "O.K. Honey, here's a dime, you can call a cab"—and call it quits. I don't want any girl working here who isn't happy. Their schedule is usually the same time off as on—that is, if they work three weeks they get the next three weeks off.

HUSTLER: Do some of the girls have husbands?

CONFORTE: Oh sure, those are the guys

"Some studs take on more than one girl—the second girl watches or tickles his balls."

HUSTLER: Who sets the price structure?

CONFORTE: Each girl sets her own prices for whatever the customers want. We do not hire the girls—they live here as our tenants. Each has her own room and she does her own money handling. After the guy comes in and sees the line of girls who welcome him in, he takes his pick and they go off to her room. Here in the front room, he and she can talk it over as to what he would like . . . Say he wants ten minutes of fellatio, five of cunnilingus—and maybe the same time of straight fuck. The girls may tell him that will be \$25. In most cases he won't bargain—so he digs out his money and pays in advance. She trots out to leave the money with the Madam in charge—signing it in on the master chart here (*approximately 3 x 4 feet, laid out on the table*), where each girl has a column for the day. Under each name such as Lola, Millie, Tina, Sue, Karen, Audrey, Helen, Jane, Pam, etc., are two columns,

CONFORTE: Within a twelve-hour period, when a girl is on duty for the lineup, she usually can expect to service a minimum of ten to twelve guys. So the sorriest of girls is expected to gross \$1,000 a week. The record so far is one cute number who took care of forty guys in a twelve-hour stint.

HUSTLER: And how do you get your cut if the girls each work on their own, as you said?

CONFORTE: The girls are individual tenants—so they just pay me room and board. The big dinner is served buffet style from 5:00 P.M. on to 9:00 P.M. They can eat all they want—after all I want them to keep their strength up—and so do they, so they can keep working.

HUSTLER: If all the girls are having dinner, who is on the floor—or rather, who is in the parlor to welcome the customers?

CONFORTE: All the girls can eat their meals as they choose. When a customer

A woman with curly brown hair, wearing a black and gold sequined bikini, is leaning against a dark-colored grand piano. She is looking down and to her right with a neutral expression. The piano has ornate gold-colored trim around the keys.

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they really love. Often times they are helping him pay off his business, like buying a little garage, or some dry cleaning shop, or a grocery store.

HUSTLER: How do you hire your girls?

CONFORTÉ: We don't hire girls. We are only landlords—not an employer—by law we do not share the earnings of prostitutes. When a girl comes to work here, we explain the law: She is renting a room from us where about one hundred thousand men come in a year. She sets her own prices and does her own money handling. She knows she's got competition—of course a lot of our customers are regulars and she certainly wants to build up a following of happy and satisfied customers—so the price structure usually evens out about the same with all the girls. Since she may receive five to twenty payments a day, she must record each as she receives it—because she then turns it over for safe keeping. That's why we have this big chart, and everybody keeps a watch on the columns as they grow longer and longer, until they finally get totaled for the day. It varies: Sometimes a girl may have a run on the \$10 minimums—while one of our hefty girls may have only five "jobs" during the day, but end up with anywhere from \$40 to \$100 apiece.

HUSTLER: You mentioned the minimum of \$10. What can you get for that?

CONFORTÉ: A straight fuck is our \$10 minimum—and of course the girls think any

guy worth his salt should let a girl up within ten minutes. But, if he can come more than once in ten minutes, well, hurray for him! If he came out by cab, the driver will wait for him.

HUSTLER: All the cabs seem to know the place well. Correct?

CONFORTÉ: You can ask anybody in Reno where the Mustang Ranch is—go to the church, go to the police station—I'm sure they'd all tell you. The cab drivers have got the fare pretty well determined: I think it's \$17.50 round trip, allowing probably twenty minutes waiting time. If it's a real long wait, we have had the drivers come in to be customers themselves.

HUSTLER: You seem to know real well what guys like and how to provide the variety they want. Over the years, you have no doubt observed all kinds of tastes and requests, right?

CONFORTÉ: Yes, from experience over the years I know generally what guys want. Of course, not individually. I'm seldom here very long; I'm busy with other places. I want it understood that nobody watches or listens. We have no locks on the doors, but each room is strictly the girl's own private place. If some girl in a rare circumstance calls for help, we have somebody here to rescue if it is necessary—say if the guy is trying something kooky or injurious. But whoever is minding the store knows how long the girl has signed in for—say twenty

minutes at \$25—with whatever variations of sucking or fucking the customer wants, so if she isn't back on the scene near to the time scheduled, of course we are concerned and a maid might go ask if everything is all right—if the time has gone on too long.

HUSTLER: What could go wrong?

CONFORTÉ: What I mean is, if he is trying to do something forceful to her which could be injurious—as some nut once tried to urinate in a girl's anus. Well man, that could hurt a girl.

HUSTLER: What if it is taking a lot of time for the guy to get it up—or if he can't get it up?

CONFORTÉ: Believe it or not, a good whore is like a good nurse in a way. Now, don't quote me that I said it the other way around. Anyhow, a good whore wants to be helpful and to get the guy off—and she will do everything she can to make the guy happy. After all, a smiling customer makes her smile too, because she knows the contented guy will be the one to come back and request her. But if sometimes nothing seems to work, she may ask him if he wants to try it with another girl. If she is a good whore, she won't mind. But the girls don't give up easy—and they certainly don't want to give him a refund.

HUSTLER: Would some guys ever ask for their money back?

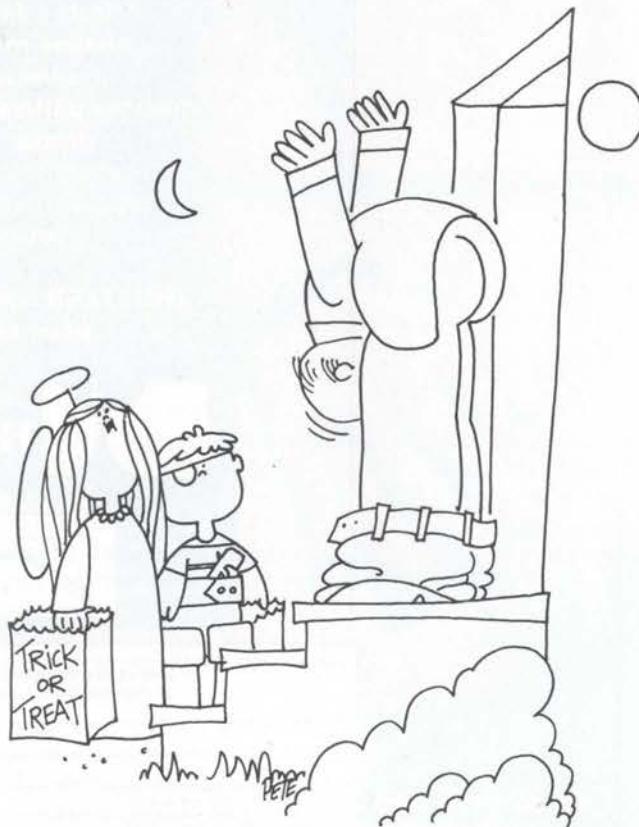
CONFORTÉ: Well, that is one hell of a humiliation, really. But sure, if a guy would ask for his money back we would give it back. There are all kinds of guys. Some have demanded it back; they're the rare ones. More often, the few times that such a situation has happened—when nothing seems to get it up for him—he will say: "Oh, honey, keep the money. You've worked hard, so buy yourself some candy."

HUSTLER: Over the years have you found requests change from the straight fuck to more variations?

CONFORTÉ: Hell, yes! We thought we had the complete list years ago, but the guys are always coming up with new twists and variations. Humans are very inventive you know, so sometimes we have had to rethink our price structure and expand the list. It's not always easy to plot the action. Let's face it—during a day of some three hundred men walking in here to get serviced, there may be as many as twenty-two guys who ask for the same or similar action, but with twenty-two different twists—so there will be twenty-two slightly different fees. The girls are in business for themselves, so they are very cooperative and anxious to please the guys.

HUSTLER: If anal sex isn't permitted, how about the ones who want to be treated in a cruel way—the S&M crowd?

continued on page 68



"We would rather have the treat Mr. Myers"

SCANDAL MEANT TO ME





With a sensuous pout of ecstasy, orifices open and wantonly willing, Scarlet O'Leather poses temptingly with a variety of unusual sexual devices. Wrapped in chain and suspended by chain shackles, gartered in leather, she becomes endlessly available to her master. In studded collar and a binding universal harness, our Lady in Leather puckers lips and labia for his will.

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As dominatrix, she titillates a submissive voyeur, paddle in hand, handcuffs suspended at the left of her garter belt. Her wardrobe of open sexuality finds Scarlet with a leather whip. A motorcycle cap tilts provocatively on her tousled hair.

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JOE CONFORTE

continued from page 62

CONFORTE: We have very few guys who want to get it up with that mean shit—after all, we feature the most beautiful girls and the most willing—but if he is into the tough stuff we tell him to cut the act. It is true that some guys want their genitals tied and twisted, or want to whip the girls, or to be whipped, or to have two girls whip him while he is eating them; it may sound a little wild—in fact that would all be what we used to call real perversions. But the sex stuff that seemed very far-out ten or fifteen years ago has in some ways become to seem milder. It depends a lot on where the guy's head is at. We are here for pleasure, not for pain. When a guy knows his pleasure is legal—or he isn't doing anything wrong—we think it eliminates a lot of cruelty.

HUSTLER: Do your girls show movies for added attractions or other ideas that might stimulate the imagination?

CONFORTE: Yes, we now have them available. The girls kept asking for them, feeling that their tricks could get it up faster, better, and harder with the additional visual activity. So we have added some five or six movie projectors for silent films—usually lined up like a library on the buffet table, if dinnertime isn't interfering.

which ones were coming here for the first time, I do think I'd be inclined to give those cherries a free ride the first time around. Virginal guys don't usually own up to it, though.

HUSTLER: How long do most of your girls stay?

CONFORTE: Well, some of my girls have been in the business since they were sixteen. Our Brigitte, who manages the place and watches the arrivals through the window, has been in the business for twenty-two years. Of course, she isn't directly taking care of the boys; she leaves that to the young chicks. But she is our biggest helper here. She probably learned more bedroom inventions than those two newcomers, Masters and Johnson, ever heard of—but of course she doesn't discuss it, or make out any reports like those two do.

HUSTLER: You have some cute black chicks here in the line-up. How do the preferences work out?

CONFORTE: All the girls line up as they choose for any customer. Some guys feel that they can ask a black girl to go do something—like going down on them or whatever—easier than asking a white girl. Maybe sometimes a white girl is too much like his wife—or that may be the very reason he picked her, because she is so much like her—who can say? Ideas and attitudes, like requests, always keep changing.

**"The record so far is one
cute number who balled 40
guys in 12 hours."**

HUSTLER: Your whole operation seems to be designed to put a guy very much at ease. Do some guys freeze when they first see the line-up?

CONFORTE: Well yes, maybe the first time—when he walks through the swinging door and there are my lovely girls waiting to entertain him. He may be surprised to see all these tight-titty dolls in their bikinis lined up for his testing and tasting. Some guys do gasp—or, as you say "freeze up." But the girls can soften the surprise—after all they are experts at defrosting.

HUSTLER: Do you think this a good place to bring a green young guy . . . maybe a virgin guy, for the first time?

CONFORTE: I certainly do. How can he better learn the ways of being happy than by having a good foundation course laid on him, in the hands of someone who is talented, experienced and knows very well how to bring him pleasure? And, if I knew

HUSTLER: You suggest that attitudes—or are they hangups—keep changing. Is that the times—or the places—or the areas?

CONFORTE: Well, one of my girls recently went to work for a time in the South. Of course, they have no legit whore houses down there—they are all on the sneak. Anyhow, she came back to report that where she was from originally has changed quite a bit; the attitudes are changing there—as for example more guys ask to be Frenched there than ever before. They think a blow job is better than straight sex—or better first, for a warm-up—and then maybe they'll decide to come that way if it feels different or good to them. You know, different strokes for different folks.

HUSTLER: Do you get requests from women who want to work here? What types of girls come to work for you? Do you know or wonder why?

CONFORTE: All types of girls want to work

for me. And they come from all over—although more come from the West than from the East. They come here first, I suppose, because they like the good money. Some were nurses, some were teachers, some realized it was better to work here than to walk the streets. Here we have continual medical care and doctor's attention and constant checkups. There is no worry about disease or any pimps doing them in or taking their money. The fear is eliminated along with the crime aspect, because we are legal!

HUSTLER: You obviously run a good clean whorehouse. Do you think this would be a good system for the rest of America? Since it is legal in Nevada, do you think other states will change or follow?

CONFORTE: Everybody must read the papers sometime. Do you see how many sex crimes are committed—or crimes committed because of sex? We don't have such quantities of problems like that in Reno or the surrounding area. Las Vegas has nearly twenty times the sex crimes they would have if they would only legalize prostitution in their county—or somewhere nearby.

HUSTLER: Do you think it should be in downtown Las Vegas?

CONFORTE: Oh no . . . Look here—we're eight miles or so out of Reno. We're what you might say hidden from anybody's view, but they can find us if they want to. What's wrong with that? If they get here we know what they want—or at least the basic thing they are after. If we are going to talk about prostitution, let us first say it will always be with us. The question is not to ask should it be or shouldn't it be. It is—and will be here as long as men are fucking. And I hope that will be forever. But, as regards my opinions, let me say why it is good to have it legal in Nevada—and why it should be legalized in every state, like it is legalized in so many parts of the rest of the world like Europe. Anybody who says we should not have prostitution is either blind or crazy. It does exist, it has and will continue as long as the world has men and women. The problem is not if it should exist—but how. Any other attitude is hypocrisy—in other words, bullshit. It's here to stay; let's do it right and legal. Now take my house, the Mustang Ranch. None of the girls are made to stay. None of the customers are forced to come here. Yet we make people happy on both sides of the fence. What's wrong with that?

HUSTLER: Why is your system better?

CONFORTE: It's not just *my* system. The whole system of legalized prostitution is better. One: there is no crime, or fear connected with it, cause you don't have to fear you'll get rolled or robbed or knocked on the head. The girls are here to make you



"Gosh, no! We don't suck on necks anymore!"

happy at whatever price you can afford. The house is clean, and as I mentioned, the doctor is always available for any of the girls—and each one is under his constant inspection. There is no danger, no disease. And maybe it helps marriages from breaking up.

HUSTLER: How do you figure that?

CONFORTÉ: Let's say the guy wants something a little different. Maybe something the wife won't do—even though she loves him very much. For example, maybe his wife won't go down on him, and he'd like that once in a while. Is that so bad? By the way, some wives want to come here and learn new tricks—that is, to submit to the various requests they might get. But, I am not running any school for wives, either. So, sometimes a guy will go home happy instead of hard-up and grouchy. Good wives should know that. He doesn't want to lose his wife and happy home—he just wants to get it off in a pleasant and maybe new way.

HUSTLER: In other words you say that varieties of intercourse makes for more contentment?

CONFORTÉ: I didn't say just that. I say—and I mean it—that here at Mustang we have the girls for happiness, for happy fucking—and what's better than a good fuck?

HUSTLER: So, do you sometimes get requests from women who would like for you to have men here for them?

the guys. Of course, they couldn't make the turnover the girls do—no way. So that's why we will need a place where they all can take more time and the charges would be set accordingly. A woman may be concerned about the color of the room...the wallpaper...or the kind of lights in a room. I don't think that stuff matters to the guys.

HUSTLER: What if the gay crowd would want to come and buy the boys?

CONFORTÉ: Sorry—that's out. At least at this time we aren't setting up any deals for the queer crowd.

HUSTLER: As regards your girls: Is there some particular type that is a consistent winner? Either big tits...or an outstanding ass?

CONFORTÉ: Well no. Of course, a pretty face and figure don't hurt much. And you gotta admit the slim young chicks are very appealing. But some of the real plump gals are very popular—and the guys often like them cuddly and bouncy. After all, a guy can change his preferences, too. It's hard to say—we know that often the big ones who might be lady wrestlers can be just as busy as a "Miss Pasadena." Maybe some guys feel more at home with those kind of fat and familiar—let's say more comfortable to settle down on. Not everybody goes for the "Miss Let's Eat More Peaches Week."

HUSTLER: You are an experienced guy with the women. Do you get to try out all the girls first? What does your wife think about such arrangements?

HUSTLER: It is rumored that people have flown in from all over the world just to come to your Mustang Ranch. Is that true?

CONFORTÉ: Well, I don't know if they have flown in just to be with my girls, but of course we have lots of guys fly in from all over America, as well as the Middle East and the Far East to be here for the fun in Nevada—and they often plan to include my places as part of the fun. Many times we have had special government people visit our state—several as part of an investigative team—and of course they must be thorough and investigate everything. They know they can relax at our place.

HUSTLER: This might imply some prominent names. Could you tell us who some of these good customers might be?

CONFORTÉ: I would never disclose the names of our patrons—even if I knew—neither would my girls. That is strictly confidential. We don't know their names. Of course, if a celebrity or a film star comes to call we might recognize him, but never use his name. All I can say is we have had a caller who is slated to be a candidate for the next Presidential election.

HUSTLER: Well, with your group having this much pull with the politicians—will that mean that the future of legalized prostitution in this country will take on a new color?

CONFORTÉ: Not throughout the country—but maybe starting with one or two other states. I would be willing to become a \$1.00-a-year-man for the government if they would be willing to establish such a bureau. I think it should be passed within every state of the union and stop so many of the awful sex crimes. If the people of the United States were allowed to vote in the privacy of a voting booth, I do think America would show how they have wised up to realize it should be legalized. Until then, the tiny minority who are against it make such a noise that the politicians are afraid they'll lose their jobs if all the little ones band together to protest the vote. Most legislators don't have the balls to go ahead and vote on such a bill by themselves. Some day it certainly will come to pass—I hope soon. Look how gambling used to be illegal; now it is controlled and the citizen is highly protected. If the casinos would do anything wrong they would lose their license and they would be out of business. So, legalizing it protected the people's rights.

HUSTLER: Do you think you would someday become an official for the government to supervise such action?

CONFORTÉ: Maybe I won't become a Senator, but I could sure show them all how to lay it on the line. "THE TIME HAS COME FOR ALL GOOD MEN TO COME TO THE PARTY." 

"Some wives want to come here and learn new tricks for their husbands."

CONFORTÉ: Sure—some of the ladies are always after me to have some studs here for them. We tried that for a while—a brief while—but in this fast set up it doesn't work so well. That is something we are working on for the future—which will have to be a completely different set up altogether. Women like to have a little dance and romance—you know. Of course, that is our policy...that we do everything in a friendly way. But, with women, it takes them time to warm up—they want the music and the flowers, that Champagne type of mood. That takes time and of course time for that kind of action costs more. So we will do that in another place—maybe a brand new place, separate from here.

HUSTLER: Would your costs be determined by the turnover? How many women could one guy make happy?

CONFORTÉ: Again, that is not only up to

CONFORTÉ: No guy likes girls better than me. I don't get to try out each and every one—and I don't know if I could teach anything to some of the girls. But, I always think it's fun if maybe she wants to try to teach me something new: if she thinks I haven't seen it before. My wife is a very understanding lady. Like I said, she knows as a kid I worked in my Dad's fruit store—and I guess I started early pinching the merchandise.

THE PHILOSOPHER

To be someone is to be someone alone.
To be someone is solitude.

ANTONIO PORCHIA



"WHAT I CAN GET, I CAN HANDLE"
CHRISTY



Christy hails from our Columbus HUSTLER Club as a hostess. She's also a student at OSU, studying to be a doctor. She is presently in pre-med, but she's not all brains. Christy is as outspoken as she is big, and it doesn't take long for a man to know what she wants and how she wants it.

She likes big, burly men who take what they want. She doesn't like the type who must ask for it. As she was talking with us, she said, "When I go out with a guy and I know he wants some of my 'hot and juicy,' the best he can do is to let his animal response come into play. If a guy doesn't ask for it, I can't very well say no, now can I? I just like a man to be a man. It makes me feel like more of a woman. We've both got something that feels good together, so if it feels good, do it!!"









KINKY KORNER

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning personal fact or fantasy in sexual encounters at home or abroad? Write it down and submit it to HUSTLER's new "Kinky Korner," the section written by the readers for the readers. We pay \$100 for each story published at approximately 2,000 words in length.

by J.R. Sutter

I've worked in quite a few rock bands during the past fourteen years, so when I first picked up HUSTLER and made my way through the world's best cunt shots to "Kinky Korner," I thought, hell, I'll bet Larry Flynt and his readers might dig hearing about the escapades of a down-to-earth working musician.

I'd like to tell you about my original introduction to "abnormal sexual practices," whatever that might mean. If there is one thing I have learned from groupies and band girls, it is that there is nothing abnormal about any sex which appeals to the people involved. But enough of my personal philosophy.

I'm a drummer. That puts me in the rhythm section of the band, which seems to attract the kinkies and the kooks. But I like it that way. Sure, the lead singers attract the glitter queens with their platform shoes and unisex clothes, and the guitarists always seem to get the intellectual chicks. But the glitter queens put all of their sexual energy into the clothes they wear, and the brain-broads would rather think about sex than do it. Bass players and drummers seem to attract the real movers, women whose heads are liberated enough to lust openly after the primitive nature of rock rhythms, and get off on the erotic pulse of a moving beat.

I was first introduced to the "kinky" side of sex when I was seventeen. Before that I had messed around quite a bit, but it had always been with girls my own age, most of whom were so pure you could have drunk their bath water.

I was playing in the first rock band I had ever been in. It was at a frat house at the University of Wisconsin in Madison, and we were playing for a beer supper. By the time the band arrived and started setting up, the frat men and their lady friends were pretty

loose, having downed more than two and a half barrels among sixty people.

The band was supposed to set up in the dining hall. I unpacked my drums and was bending down to fasten the pedal on my bass drum when I looked up under one of the tables and noticed a pair of incredible, widely spread legs. Following those creamy thighs to their natural conclusion, I was amazed to find not the frilly lace panties of a coed dormie, but the smoothly shaved lips and peeking paraphernalia of an enticing female organ. A pussy stared me straight in the eye!

I must have stared back for a full minute trying to figure out if I were seeing things. My cock was already starting to rise as I lifted my eyes to meet those of the woman whose bottom I had been admiring. I tried to fight off an adolescent blush as she stared knowingly at me with her fiery black eyes, and smiled an invitation for what would be one of the most memorable nights of my life.

She was a beautiful specimen of a woman with pale skin, dark black hair, and flashing black eyes. The guy she seemed to be with was a real jock type — tall, blond, and All-American. No one sitting near her seemed to notice that anything was amiss. She got up slowly, whispered something to the Mr. America she was with, and walked over to get a beer. But instead of returning to the dining table she walked over to the stage and stood directly over me. I still hadn't been able to get that damn drum pedal on.

"You've been peeking, drummer boy!" she said.

I looked up at her, trying to avoid glancing at that beautiful bald beaver which just barely peeked at me from underneath her short skirt, no more than twelve inches from my face. I knew by now that I was blushing.

"Like what you see?" she asked. I couldn't deny that I did.

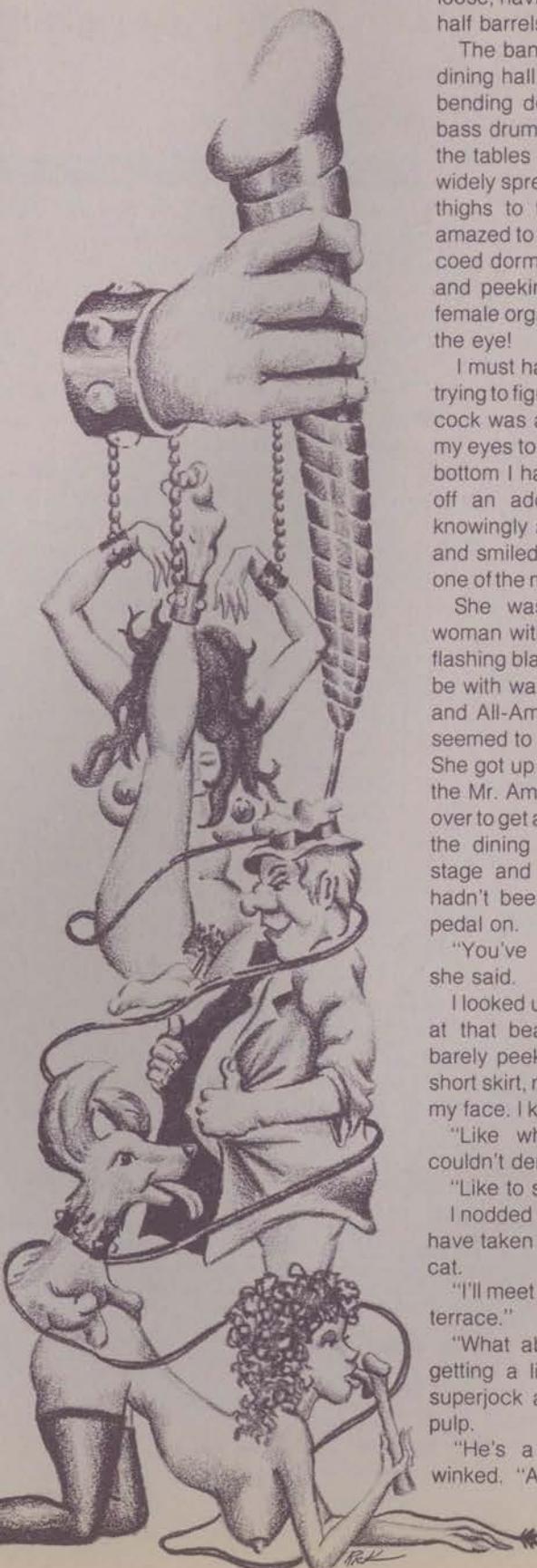
"Like to see some more?"

I nodded with a shit-eating grin that could have taken a gold medal from the cheshire cat.

"I'll meet you after the first set. Out on the terrace."

"What about your boyfriend?" I asked, getting a little nervous as I pictured the superjock and his buddies beating me to pulp.

"He's a friend," she said. Then she winked. "A friend is just a stranger with



special privileges."

"I see," I replied, trying to remain calm with my cock throbbing. "And are you and I going to be friends?"

"Nope. We're going to be buddies. Buddies are people who like to play games together. I have a little game I'd like to show you. If you like what you saw under the table, you'll love my little game."

"I just bet I will," I said, still trying not to look up her dress.

Finally I stood up and assembled the rest of my drums, and she went back to her table. Anyone who saw me must have realized that I had a blue ribbon hard-on. I was intent on getting started with that first set and getting it over with.

After the last song the other guys went over to fill their beer glasses, and I slipped outside and down to the terrace before you could say "cunt-licker." It was a warm spring night and the moon was shining brightly over Lake Mendota. But in spite of all the light, I couldn't find my seductress. Suspecting that the whole thing had been a put-on, I started back toward the frat house.

"Did you bring your sticks, drummer boy?" I heard her voice say. I walked around a row of tall shrubbery and there she sat, leaning against a tree.

"No, I didn't," I whispered.

"Well, we can't play my little game without

I saw, not the frilly lace panties of a coed dormie, but a pussy staring me in the face.

a big pair of drumsticks, now, can we?" She seemed to be pouting. I started to sit down beside her.

"What good is a drummer boy without his sticks?" she suddenly shouted.

I was beginning to feel foolish and was still convinced that the whole thing was a put-on, but I ran back in unnoticed and got a pair of 2-B's, the biggest, thickest drumsticks made.

When I got back to her secret spot behind the shrubs, she looked at the sticks and smiled. She slowly lifted her skirt and spread her legs. Her cunt seemed to glimmer in the moonlight. The shaved pubis was snow white, but as she reached out and

pulled her knees back to her shoulders, her perky little clitoris popped up out of its hiding place like a soldier jumping to attention. The little clit was a healthy pink, and below it her inner lips slowly opened, all red and juicy.

My eyes were riveted to her beckoning twat. I dropped the sticks and started to drop my pants. She started to breath faster.

"Play your drum first, drummer boy. Hit those skins!" she gasped.

I looked up at her face. She was smiling at me as her tongue lightly caressed her upper lip. At first I didn't know what she was getting at. But as I stared at that gaping hole I realized that, by pulling her knees back and to the sides as she leaned against the tree, she had raised her cunt to the approximate angle of a ride tom-tom. I picked up the sticks and began to tap lightly on her abdomen just above her erect clitoris. She gasped and her cunt gave off a wonderful fragrance.

"Lower!" she gasped.

I obeyed, directing the tips of the sticks to the clitoris itself. I was still tapping ever so lightly, afraid of injuring that beautiful and sensitive organ.

"Harder, harder," she cried. "Play me drummer! Play your drum!"

I slowly began to increase the "volume" of the rhythm I was playing. I began to get really aroused by the act, changing the rhythm and increasing the tempo until I was furiously pounding out a paradiddle on the loveliest skins I had ever laid eyes on. Her breathing got faster and faster, and she began to slowly rotate her pussy, keeping pace with the tempo of my rudiment. My cock was bursting in my pants but I kept on with the game for more than ten minutes. By that time I had become an avid fan of the game. Realizing that she was about to come, I continued pounding her clit with one stick while I flipped the other around and shoved it into her vagina, blunt end first. After a few quick thrusts with the invaginated stick, she came, whimpering like a little lost pussy. As she reached her



"Mary Jane? This is an obscene phone call
— pee pee! poo pool! go potty! tinkle! no. 1!
no. 2! doo doo! wee wee! doodle!"

I directed my drumsticks to the clitoris itself. "Harder," she cried. "Play me, drummer!"

climax, her vagina contracted and gripped the stick so hard I was afraid I would lose it up there. I tried to pull it out.

"No, leave it in there," she said, "and put the other one in, too."

I did as I was ordered. Apparently there were more rules to the game.

"Ohhh, that feels nice," she moaned. "Now put the big stick in there."

"I only brought one pair along," I protested.

"Your big stick, drummer boy!"

I needed no further explanation. Pushing my jeans down, my cock burst out erect and throbbing. With one hand I spread her vagina wide, using the sticks as levers. With the other hand I guided my "big stick" to its juicy, hot target. The effect was sensational. My cock fit snugly between the two sticks which stuck out from her twat about four inches. My balls hung between the protruding sticks, so that, by squeezing my legs together the sticks would close upon my sack and spread inside her cunt, stretching the side walls so that the top and bottom of her vagina closed hard on my cock. Then, by releasing the pressure of my legs on the sticks, the elastic walls of her pussy would put the sticks back to their original position and squeeze the sides of my dick until I was sure it would explode. All this, mind you, while I thrust that "big stick" in and out. We both came simultaneously, within a matter of seconds, in a series of rapid fire explosions, as if her cunt were a sack of dynamite and my cock was the detonator.

I was afraid that I would be getting back late for the second set so I stood up and was pulling on my jeans when she reached up and stopped me.

"You don't think you can just drum and run, do you?"

"Well, I've got to get back for the second set," I tried to explain.

"No, no, no," she whispered. "Drummer boys should never play on an empty stomach. You must stay and eat something."

I laughed, suspecting just what it was she wanted me to chew on. She lay there with her legs still spread, and I could see my sperm and her cunt juices oozing out of her soft, warm hole. She reached into her purse and pulled out a little package which I thought at first was a rubber. But when she handed it to me I saw that it was a small patty of butter. Well, I thought, that's what you get for making it with a kook from a dairy state.

She turned around, raised herself up on her knees, bent over, and reached back and spread the cheeks of her ass.

"Would you please spread my butter?" she asked in a shy, sweet voice. "So we can eat."

"Certainly, my dear," I said, losing myself in her fantasies. The guys in the band would just have to wait until I was finished eating. They were good friends but they had never treated me to beaver burger with the works.

"I was going to put out our best silver," she continued, "but all I could find was this quaint set of chopsticks." She pulled the 2-B's from her vagina and handed them to me.

"We'll just have to eat Cantonese tonight," she sighed.

"Ahhh so!" I replied.

I rolled one stick in the butter patty until I had accumulated a huge glob. Then I slowly spread the butter over her wrinkled little bottom hole, working the stick in small, circular motions at first, and then gently pushing in just the tip with a slow twisting motion. She shoved her ass back as if to get more, so I gently pushed the stick in further and further until about half of it was up her anus. My cock, which had started to droop after the last orgasms, began to bob up and down in anticipation of thrills yet to "come."

"Let's eat!" she said, suddenly twisting around with the stick still deep within her ass.

She pushed me gently until I was laying on my back. Then she turned around again, but this time she straddled me, resting her smooth cunt on my face. She lowered her head down to my cock and lightly licked

around the head. Meanwhile, I was becoming adept at eating with chopsticks. With one stick already protruding from her asshole, it seemed only right that the other stick go up her cunt. She moaned as I eased it in, and pressed her clit down hard on my mouth, where my tongue went to work immediately. I had not realized how hungry I was until I started eating, lapping up cunt juice and sperm like tomorrow was judgement day. Her clitoris seemed to grow larger with each lick I took, and it was getting as stiff as a ten-year-old marshmallow. Meanwhile, I was working those sticks, in and out and back and forth. She had my whole cock in her mouth now, and as she gasped the shudder of her excitement sent chills rippling through me.

I knew I couldn't hold back much longer. I had to come soon or die trying to hold back. I figured the best defense is a good offense so I sucked hard at her clit until it was well within my mouth. She was just at the verge of coming when I bit down hard on that stiff little morsel, and shoved both of those 2-B's in as far as they would go.

It worked. Just as I shot my wad down her throat she came, gasping and crying out with my cock still in her mouth, "Eat me drummer. Eat me hard!" If I hadn't had my cock in her mouth to stifle that scream, the whole frat house would have been out there in a flash.

She rolled over on the soft grass next to me, my sperm on her lips, and more juice running slowly from her cunt, her lacy white skirt bunched around her waist, and those well used drum sticks lying between her thighs. I kissed her on the lips, tasting my own sperm and realizing that it was the first time I had kissed her at all. In fact, it was the only time. I picked up those sticks, pulled up my jeans, and started back toward the frat house where the other guys were starting the second set without me. I never even thanked her, but she knew I appreciated what she had done.

"Hey drummer boy," she called as I reached the door. I turned around.

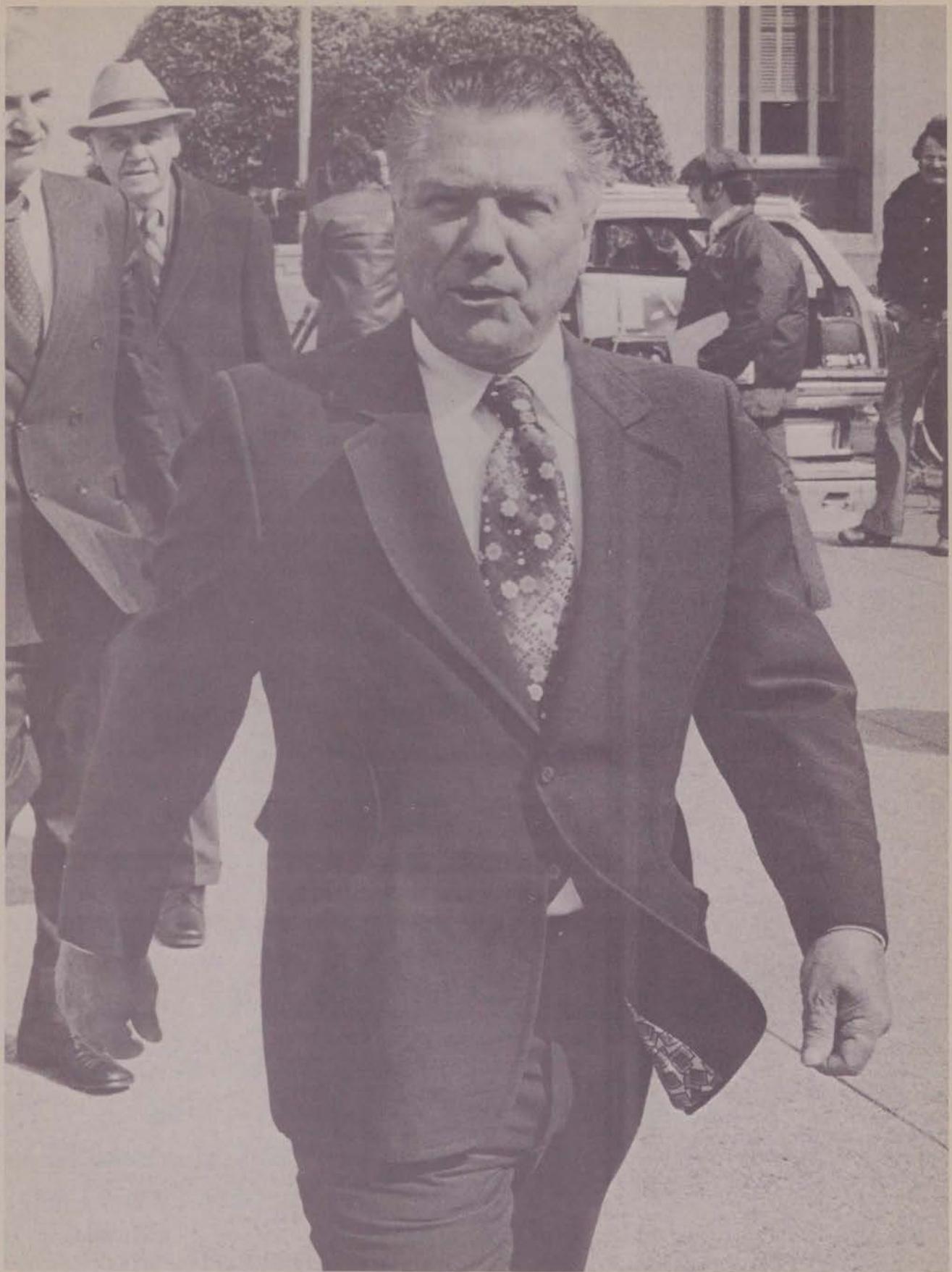
"You're a real buddy, drummer boy."

I've never used those sticks since that night on the terrace. They are still in my dresser drawer, all smooth and shiny, a reminder of how really good the kinky side of life can be. 

THE PHILOSOPHER

**You wound and you will wound again.
Because you wound and then you go away. You do not stay with the wound.**

ANTONIO PORCHIA



Hoffa's zest for combat is evident as he strides into courtroom battle.

HUSTLER PROFILE

by Neal Cody

Like a modern day Napoleon battling the world for his freedom and former power, labor's little big man—Jimmy Hoffa—was marshalling his forces for the final offensive; building for one last give-'em-hell, no-holds-barred court fight he desperately hoped would clear the road for recapturing the presidency of the two-million member International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Chauffeurs, Warehousemen and Helpers of America.

As we were going to press, however, the news came over the media that James Riddle Hoffa had disappeared and was presumed kidnapped or murdered. Who was involved may never be known, but why Jimmy Hoffa, fighting for the biggest stakes and against the heaviest odds of his career, was abducted will become clear when reading this profile by veteran labor reporter Neal Cody, compiled by Cody just one week before Hoffa's disappearance.

When former President Richard M. Nixon sprung Hoffa from the Federal pen in Lewisburg, Pa., three years ago Christmas Eve, Nixon's commutation of Hoffa's 13-year sentence was hinged on the condition that Hoffa (then resigned from the Teamster presidency) "not engage in the direct or indirect management of any labor organization" before March 6, 1980, when his prison term would have run out.

Hoffa, however, contends that the papers he signed in accepting the release made no mention of the condition against labor union activity. That condition, he adds, was unknown to Nixon himself. "We know that President Nixon signed my commutation in blank, as he did two others on the same day," Hoffa said. The condition, Hoffa continues, was a conspiracy cooked up by Watergate wonder Charles Colson and current Teamster President Frank E. Fitzsimmons to protect Fitzsimmons' power—and \$125,000-a-year job—in exchange for which Colson's law firm later landed the profitable job of representing the Teamsters.

Had Hoffa not been forced to resign his presidency, held all during his 58 months behind prison walls, Fitzsimmons would never have been elected in 1971, despite Hoffa's slim chances of getting out of jail early. Fitzsimmons and others convinced Hoffa that Nixon would never spring him if it meant Hoffa's going right back to active leadership of the union. They sold him a "get out of office, get out of jail" pig-in-a-



With his wife, Josephine, Hoffa plans his tactics.

HOFFA'S LAST STAND



Oldtime Teamsters buddies want Hoffa back in the driver's seat.

poke, never mentioning the 1980 restriction, Hoffa says.

Hoffa's lawyers say he has a fair chance of beating the restrictive commutation in Federal court because it's imprecise, conveniently vague (and therefore more devilishly binding), and violates Hoffa's right of free association under the First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, along with his Fifth Amendment right to earn a living the way he wants—as Teamster President.

Since the end of his parole period in March, 1973, Hoffa has been free to go anywhere and do whatever he wants, except become a union official. And, under the terms of the commutation, if Hoffa violates the anti-labor restriction, the courts have no choice but to throw him back into prison. So, Hoffa is naturally very cautious about whom he talks to, where, and about what.

The U.S. Justice Department, which is responsible for checking to see that Hoffa is being a good boy and obeying the terms of his release, has ruled that Hoffa can go to union rallies and dinners, and can speak on union issues. But it has warned Hoffa that he runs the risk of going back to the Joint if what he does or says looks like it is influencing union operations in any way. So, Hoffa seems to have reasoned, why take a chance? Going back to prison for having a loose lip wouldn't do Hoffa any good, and it probably wouldn't do wonders for his wife's bad heart, either.

That's why Hoffa is fighting this battle in court, to protect his own ass and to beat the Big Boys at their own game. Legal experts in and out of the Teamsters believe the restriction can successfully be challenged. There is no precedent for such a prohibition, they say. Only a very few Presidential commutations have been issued, and they have dealt mostly with foreign spies released from prison on the condition that they leave the country.

Since they won't be able to get down to the real meat very fast, Hoffa's lawyers are also working on a suit, which, if upheld, would enable Hoffa to run for the presidency of Teamster Local 299—his home local in Detroit. If Hoffa wins that fight, the Local 299 presidency could be the springboard for launching him back to leadership of the International. His legal eagles had considered taking Hoffa's case before the U.S. Supreme Court, instead of fooling around in various Federal District Courts. However, they figured a Supreme Court decision would be absolutely final, and that it might be better to take the longer, safer route, leaving the highest court in the land as a last resort.

Hoffa, who ran the Teamsters Union from his prison cell, is virtually a sure winner if

he's able to run for international union office in the next election in 1976, according to many observers. They say his pull with the rank-and-file membership has never been stronger. Always a strong "Follow Me!" leader, Hoffa's incarceration has probably helped solidify his union backing more than any other thing in his combative career.

Opponents, however, contend that many of the younger Teamsters have no loyalty

such highly technical and politically controversial litigation often does, and Hoffa misses the 1976 run-off, his chances for election in the next bout—five years later—would be greatly reduced. Age would be his worst enemy. Although Hoffa works out regularly with weights, counts his calories like a beauty queen, does scores of sit-ups and is now in perfect health, his age would nonetheless be a probable factor. Now only 62, Hoffa would be 68—Fitzsimmons' present age—by 1981. And, while Hoffa will have been growing older, Teamsters' membership will have grown younger, and Hoffa would face Fitzsimmons' successor, undoubtedly a much younger man. '76 is his year.

Hoffa has always been a man violently on the go, never sitting idle if he could help it. So, while his lawyers continue plugging away, Hoffa is filling in his spare time as a director of the National Association of Justice (NAJ), a prison reform group. Hoffa still paces around his home like a caged animal bursting at the seams to get back to his beloved wild, but he keeps himself busy directing NAJ's Crisis Center and giving speeches and lectures on prison reform at college campuses, legislative hearings and public meetings around the country.

The NAJ Crisis Center steps in to prevent bloodshed during prison riots. Linked to most county, state and federal prisons in the country via a network of WATS lines, the Center works to solve problems, arbitrate grievances and avert violence. Its similarity to a labor union is hard to miss.

The Crisis Center is the Marine Corps of NAJ, and—with a commandant like Hoffa, who struts, barks and toughs his way like a grizzled old Gunnery—has proved it's worth time and time again. When riots have erupted, all Hoffa has needed has been an urgent telephone call, day or night. Usually less than an hour after the call, Hoffa has boarded the first available jet, winging his way to wherever the trouble has been—at his own expense. Only a very few NAJ staffers receive any pay from the organization. The rest, like Hoffa, are all volunteers.

Some have questioned Hoffa's prison reform work, saying he's backing an increasingly popular cause as a pure and simple gimmick, to make it look like he's cleaned up his act, so that he can get in good with his Justice Department watchdogs.

To such criticism, Hoffa has one crisp reply—let those shooting off their mouths taste prison life from the wrong side of the bars—"Anybody who tells you it's not tough to serve time should spend a day in there."

"We (NAJ) are not do-gooders, but we understand what creates tension in prison," Hoffa says. "I have seen useless destruc-

Hoffa's pull with Teamsters rank-and-file has never been stronger—A sure winner if he is free to run for union office.



With his son, Attorney James Hoffa Jr.

ties to Hoffa and have prospered under Fitzsimmons. Neither does Hoffa have the support of many of the union's vice presidents, who have gained power and status under Fitzsimmons. With Hoffa, they were continually ignored, and they certainly wouldn't like a return to Hoffa's dictatorial one-man rule, which has been greatly decentralized by Fitzsimmons.

But if the court fight drags on and on, as

tion of property, maiming of human beings, loss of self-respect, and inhumane treatment. The causes are not one-sided, but much of this can be cured by proper planning and education on the part of the prisoners, and the officials of the institutions.

"It's not for humanitarian reasons alone that we must reform our corrections systems," he continues. "It is for our own safety. We have never faced up to the fact that most convicts will someday be released from what we call 'correctional' institutions. They have come out, as we have seen, more bitter, more disturbed, more anti-social, and more skilled in crime than when they went in."

Hoffa is understandably embittered by his experiences in the prison system; who wouldn't be? But more important, he's determined to bring about change in the system. His complaints and recommendations are hardly new; reformers have been screaming the same thing for years. However, Hoffa is a man with enough clout to get something accomplished. What he is, does, and says is News. The public is interested in what Jimmy Hoffa is up to—and will listen to what he has to say. His institutional horror stories and more were outlined in testimony before both the U.S. House and Senate Judiciary Subcommittees. He has appeared on such weighty television shows as "Face the Nation," and has been the subject of countless lengthy feature pieces in every major newspaper in the country.

In addition to his work with NAJ, Hoffa keeps busy with some dealings in real estate and other business—but not the Teamsters. He is constantly on the telephone, working on some kind of business deal, when not working around the house. He sleeps only about six hours a day, works like a dynamo the rest, and thrives on it. Although slightly graying, and wrinkled under his Florida fisherman's tan, Hoffa's physical condition is like that of a man half his age.

Hoffa's present life is a far cry from his humble birth to a family of Dutch-Irish blend, February 14, 1913, in Brazil, Indiana. His coal miner father, John, died when Jimmy was four years old. His mother, Viola (Riddle) started taking in laundry, and finally scraped together enough pennies to move her family back to Detroit in 1924. She then went to work on an assembly line and Jimmy, then 11, learned firsthand that slave labor still existed in the spiritual hell known as American Industry. As a child, Hoffa held a variety of harsh odd jobs, made fair-to-average marks in school, and then, at age 14, dropped out (with his mother's permis-

sion) to support the small family—on \$9-a-week.

Such hard-scrabble stories have almost become legend in the backgrounds of most of America's early labor organizers and eventual leaders, such as Hoffa, John L. Lewis, I.W. Abel, George Meany, and others. They serve to underscore the sordid plight of American workers during the infancy of the organized labor movement.

To doubters of Hoffa's prison reform work: 'It's not for humanitarian reasons—it's for our own safety.'



Demonstrating his remarkable physical strength.

Just as hard times breed fight-to-the-death championship prize fighters, they also spawn a special sort of hard-fisted working man.

While still a teenager, Hoffa, after trying to organize loading-dock workers who were busting their backs for 32 cents an hour, became an organizer on commission for the General Truck Delivery Drivers—a forerunner of the Teamsters—Local 299 in

Detroit. Hoffa toured the rally circuit in parks, union-and-beerhalls, shouting loud enough to be heard over the din, and all the while programming his computer-swift mind with a master file of all the ins-and-outs of union business. The ladder of union leadership materialized before him, and he started climbing—rung by hard-fought rung. Hoffa met his wife in the early '30's, while battling cops and hoods on a picket line.

He came up the hard way, teaching himself all the tricks necessary for animal survival in a hostile world. He was a graduate of the school of hard knocks—one of the boys—and the rank and file loved him for it.

"Hoffa loves nothing better than a fight," a Teamster insider once remarked. "That was always his trouble—he never knew when to say 'uncle.'"

Hoffa's success endeared him to union men, but it also instilled a pathological fear and loathing deep in the hearts of those born into the upper echelons of the power structure. Those who were always handed everything on a silver platter and never had even to ask for it, let alone fight for it, saw Hoffa and self-made men like him as a threat to their very existence. They had never been a part of Hoffa's world, could not understand it, and, therefore, hated it.

When Hoffa took over the Teamster presidency in 1957 from Dave Beck, who had been sentenced to one-to-15 years in prison for stealing \$1,900 in union funds, Hoffa's monied foes declared war on him, and never relented until the walls of Lewisburg Prison swallowed him.

The same year that Hoffa took office, Senator John L. McClellan summoned him before his Senate Select Committee on Improper Activities in the Labor Management Field (before which Beck had taken refuge under the Fifth Amendment over 200 times). There, Chief Counsel Robert F. Kennedy (characterized by Hoffa as "a young dimwitted, curly-headed smart aleck . . . a ruthless little monster") locked horns with Hoffa in mortal combat.

Kennedy, having visions of Hoffa's working for or with the Mob, charged Hoffa with misuses of funds and conflicts of interest. Charges of using hoods to expand Teamster control in New York City were also brought. Both resulted in indictments—and acquittals. About the only thing the McClellan Committee learned in 20,432 pages of testimony was that Hoffa ran the Teamsters.

However, the hearings uncapped a volcano that was to erupt a few years later, when John F. Kennedy became President of the United States (Hoffa and his Teamsters went for Nixon in 1960), and

JFK's brother, Robert, was named U.S. Attorney General. Bobby Kennedy had Hoffa brought to trial on charges of taking illegal payments from an employer through a dummy corporation set up in his wife's name. The accusation, that the corporation's profits represented a payoff to Hoffa for breaking a car-hauler's strike, had lain unprosecuted through several years of the Eisenhower Administration. The Eisenhower Justice Department said it had had doubts it could prove Hoffa guilty.

However, when RFK received the case Hoffa seems not to have believed his lawyers, who said the best the government could hope for was a hung jury. Hoffa was still smarting from the bitterness of his clashes with Kennedy in the McClellan Committee days, and was sure the Kennedy brothers were out to nail his balls to the nearest tree. Both the Attorney General and the President made no effort to hide beliefs that Hoffa was a public menace who belonged in prison.

It was a seething mutual hatred, and Hoffa allegedly wanted a little insurance that things would go his way in court. The result was his arrest and subsequent conviction on a charge of trying to bribe some of the jurors. The government's evidence came from a minor Teamster

official, Edward Partin, who was a Justice Department spy planted in the midst of the Hoffa camp—after being let out of jail while awaiting trial on embezzlement of union funds and kidnap charges. Ironically, Hoffa's lawyers had been right about the outcome of the original payoff charges. The government never convicted him on that one, but by then it hardly mattered.

RFK fired off the second barrel, and got Hoffa convicted on a charge of conspiring to use the mails to defraud the Central States Teamster Pension Fund, in connection with Las Vegas mortgages. Hoffa got five years for that, and eight on the jury-tampering beef.

Hoffa's lawyers now hope to get the jury-tampering conviction overturned on the grounds of new evidence. If successful, time already served on that sentence would make up for the five-year conspiracy rap, and Hoffa would be out from under the Nixon commutation restriction—and he would be free to run for the Teamster presidency in 1976.

Hoffa has always maintained his complete innocence, vowing that he never did business with hoods, the truck company in his wife's name is legit, he never offered a bribe, and the tampered jury, if tampered it was, was corrupted by the Justice Depart-

ment and Bobby Kennedy, in order to frame him. Hoffa says he has evidence of a frame in the form of a congressional statement signed by the government's star witness against him, Partin, and is willing to produce same.

Also in Hoffa's legal defense armory is an affidavit from John Mitchell, who was U.S. Attorney General at the time of Hoffa's release, swearing Mitchell was ignorant of any conditions on the commutation. Had he himself known of the conditions, Hoffa says, he would never have accepted the release; he would have stayed in prison until, with time off for good behavior, he would have been released in 1974 with no restrictions—free to rejoin the mainstream of Teamster leadership. To have knowingly done otherwise would have been the act of a complete idiot, Hoffa asserts—and although he has been accused of a lot of things in his time, idiocy has never been one of them.

Since Hoffa left office, many business and labor leaders have privately—and publicly—said they favor his return to union leadership, that the return is something the economy sorely needs. Puerto Rican Governor Luis Ferre even asked the Justice Department to relax Hoffa's parole, so that he could mediate a Teamster truck drivers strike that was crippling the island's economy. Ferre's request was refused.

Some have said that the support for Hoffa's return comes from deals worked out years ago with business leaders, and that Hoffa is simply collecting on debts long overdue. A more realistic explanation, however, is that Hoffa earned industry's admiration for his mastery of the economics of the trucking industry—where giant trans-continental truck concerns call for nationwide master agreements—and by his readiness to stand behind a settlement, once reached.

Critics have always depicted Hoffa as a tyrannical dictator, able to bring the country to its knees by cutting off truck traffic, but who was actually sparing use of his ultimate weapon, the strike.

Although Hoffa still believes workers wouldn't get shit without unions, he knows enough not to break employers with outrageous wage and condition demands. Industry leaders realize that and appreciate Hoffa for it.

And so, while Teamsters, employers, politicians and lawyers fret over point and counterpoint, the object of all the furor paces around his shrunken kingdom, waiting for the hand of fate to pen the final chapters of his autobiography, "Hoffa: The Real Story." A more suspenseful finish may never be written.

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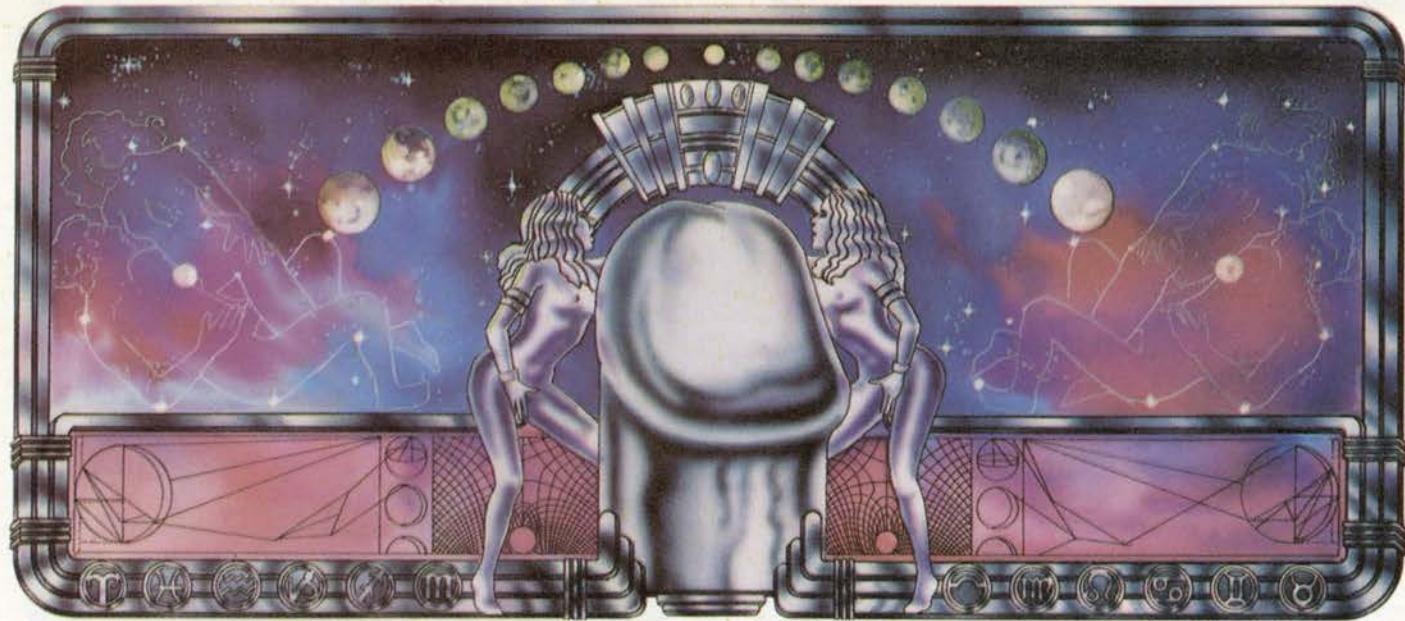
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HUSTLER'S ASTROLOGICAL GUIDE TO SEX & MONEY

by Fickling

SCORPIO (October 23 — November 21)

Screw City! You Scorpions are hot to trot during the anniversary of your birthday, so now is the time to *cum* to the aid of a *cuntry*.

The gals now to aim, claim and inflame are gorgeous Geminis. You Scorpions are famous for your abundant sexual demands. The *femini* Gemini is one gal who can take all you have to offer and a few more inches to spare, plus she likes to ride "bareback," "side saddle," and never shies away from "coming up from the rear!"

If you're down, battered and need it lifted right now, the Gemfem will provide every attention available and have you smiling almost cockstantly.

A creamy Cappy might be the ticket, but she looks better in the charts ahead and best you save her for Christmas or the big New Year's orgy.

If you know a sexy Capricorn, whisper what you want in her ear. Five'll get you ten you'll be spending Thanksgiving together—in bed. And that won't be turkey breast you'll be nibbling on.

The Scorpio money picture for this month is S-L-O!

You are going to have to lock up your bank account, spend not a dime on frivolous activities and make all the collections you can of past and future debts that are on your books.

Be extremely wary of those not fully cooperating on any and all projects. Dump the so-called phonies, barnacles and hangers-on and clear the decks for coming projects in 1976. You know damned well several people have been trying to screw you up and you must jettison them before they cripple your future plans.

You are going to go far in 1976 if you can straighten out a few matters and people right now. Don't swallow any shit. You are up to here in that and don't blame your family or friends for your predicament.

More than ever during this period you are a go-getter, break-up-the-ballgame type who sweats, curses, moves, climbs mountains, hates molehills, preaches and domineers. You need compassionate associates and people who can fully understand your unbelievable passion for victory, can soothe your wounds, temper your present hates and keep you on that unswervable track to success.

Find those now who can appreciate your faults and understand your frenzied desires. You know at the moment what kind of hellfire and brimstone you must endure to scale the present mountain ahead. You are on the right path, but need a helluva lot of help. Dig in, man!

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 — December 20)

You lucky Sagittarians are in for more good fortune again this month. Most guys cross a cow field and fall into a pile of shit. You stumble on a gold mine. Most guys tiptoe across mine fields and get legs blown off. You find a shellhole with three naked broads and get blown. No doubt, this is a helluva good time for you if you don't shoot your mouth off too much; rather, let all the shooting be done between your legs. Don't be so damned loose with the buck now because there are a few important things coming up you'll need more than lavishing some dame with trinkets.

CAPRICORN (December 21 — January 19)

Money and a "Honey" may not be too funny at the moment for you Cappys and best you study the situation carefully from all angles, especially if she is a well-endowed Scorpio who is looking over your bank account. Keep your eyes on her boobs and her hands off your dough. Problems are still arising in the Capricorn charts causing financial frustrations and troubles at home and with the "bod." If it's not coming up roses or hoses just lay back and wait your turn. You'll get yours next month when the worm is going to turn, buckwise and fuckwise.

AQUARIUS (January 20 — February 18)

There is an important project you are investigating this month and it should be successful if it involves business and *suckcessful* if a pretty gal is who you're probing. Unfortunately, not everything is going right, but rather uptight, because you may be worrying too much about all the details and tails. Don't spread yourself too thin now because it's what's up front that counts and no gal is going to swallow a worn-out worm when she can feast on a hot hunk of throbbing knockwurst.

PISCES (February 19 — March 20)

No sense in going to the orgy this month and then wandering around all night trying to get up the nerve. You Pisces want to do it the "worst way" right now, so jump right into the middle of those writhing bodies and stick it in every hole you can find! If a gal asks you to use a vibrator on her, for gawd sakes don't apply it to her back! She will probably be a lusty Leo and want you and the vibrator, plus Manny, Moe and Jack. Get your nerve up, man, and you may reap harvest now, both at the cash and cunt registers.

ARIES (March 21 — April 20)

You Aries are usually very sex-hungry fellows who enjoy spreading the wealth and the ladies. You also prefer putting a frame around romance by convincing your partners that yours is the "big one, the only one—the Atcheson, Topeka and Santa Fe." This month come up with the "big deal" instead. You have an opportunity now to complete a project that has been dogging you for way too long and deserves your complete attention. After that is taken care of, then pull it into as many stations as you wish, but take this sage advice—don't make it sound too big or she's liable to derail your tail!

TAURUS (April 21 — May 20)

Don't toss any Bull shit this month or it could land in your own lap. November is a time for you Taureans to stick pretty close to home and business and not fool with any "hot deals" or "way lays." Either

could result in a serious loss financially and psychologically. You could end up booby-trapped by a big money loss or caught with your drawers down with a gal who could only bring you to grips with grief. Again be wary of an *astringent* Aries. Her ass has strings, gents! And no pistol-packing Pisces like Luscious Liz Taylor, either.

GEMINI (May 21 — June 20)

Dean Martin is a Gemini and he'll be the first to tell you he was not left behind the door when it comes to dames and dough. At the moment you Gemguys are in a perfect position to capitalize on both. Your many-faceted sides are rising in more ways than fun. Real dough-re-mi is moving in your direction before Thanksgiving and if you can put all of your talents together—this could be a big one. And you should be giving thanks in the sack, too. No turkeys this year. Lion meat! Grab yourself a leaping Leo and go ape.

CANCER (June 21 — July 21)

"Dr. Frankenstein, it is the full moon!" "Good, Igor, wheel in that Cancer stud and we shall operate!" You Cancerian guys are in for a "whale of a tail" this month when the moon comes up over that mountain full, gleaming and bright. Your charts show you won't have to run rampant, grab girls, invade sex shops, spend more time in soapy showers or chase little girls. A very unusual woman is *coming* into your life. You may meet her in the subway, at a party, or an orgy, but you'll know when she appears. At this point put your checkbook aside, quit counting your dough and have a ball. She'll have two.

LEO (July 22 — August 21)

If your birthday is in July you might find yourself having your balls kicked rather than having a ball early in this month. But for you Auggy Doggys this should be a period of Leo levitation (lifting yourself by your own asses and making the dolls drool at your lovable antics). The key to this period for all of you Lions is to cool your tempers, heat your loins, and try to make a buck and a fuck the easiest way possible. Look, you guys have more effrontery, pizzaz and palaver than a traveling salesman. Put it all together now and go first Class all the way!

VIRGO (August 22 — September 21)

Eddie Cantor would have sung, "Goodness gracious, me, oh, my" with eye-popping exhilaration if he could have read the November, 1975 Virgo charts. The jackpot of your life continues! Now is the time for all good Virgins to come to the aid of their *cuntrymen*. Yes, seek out and savor one of your own kind now, a voluptuous, vulpine (clever, devious and cunning) Virgo fem. Marry one if you have to, because she'll help bring your riches and sexual experiences beyond belief. This is no joke, son! Grab that gold ring on the merry-go-round now. Your ship is in. The *shes* you can win!

LIBRA (September 22 — October 22)

You sweet, sexy Librans are ready for a big trip. This could be more than just a wild "Around the World" goodie with three wild long-tongued Taurus babes. Or a non-stop back-packing expedition with your favorite dish. Most of you Libras are going places and will discover exotic, erotic ecstasies in far-away spots. You will learn to "muff" dive, spin the "Finn," and run roughshod over romantic Rio. You have probably been saving for this voyage for a long time, so don't worry about the money. Shoot the works! And while you're at it—blast a few drawers of some cute Turks!

SEX PLAY

continued from page 24

during which they would throw back their habits in public places, expose themselves, cry out obscene words and masturbate.

Throughout the Christian history of Europe there are periods when sexual practices surfaced as either part of established ritual or as satanic counter-rituals. Anal intercourse was especially celebrated as sacred because it was clean of the sin of procreation. One Gnostic sect held that God had placed sexual desires in people because intercourse pleased him, and they took every possible opportunity to celebrate for his pleasure.

The richness of sexual perversity in Europe went entirely underground in the 19th century with the advent of the "age of progress," and anti-witchcraft laws severely repressed occult practices. However, in the early 1900's England's witchcraft laws were repealed and an entire practice which had been underground for over a thousand years began to surface. First in England, then in Italy, and then all over Europe it was

found that women had been passing the secrets of witchcraft from mother to daughter throughout the centuries.

Witchcraft cults are basically nature cults, worshipping the forces both in nature and in the body. The most powerful of those forces is sex. It is the driving force behind fertility and procreation in nature, and it is the driving force behind our actions. Witchcraft is devoted to the harnessing of that force both for sexual pleasure and for other powers.

The actual powers of witches and warlocks are represented in the mixed fluids of semen and vaginal secretions. After several orgasms these fluids are collected and are used in various potions. Potions containing these fluids are considered the most powerful and are particularly useful for health, longevity, seduction, and erotic arousal. The fluid is collected in a handkerchief and allowed to dry. The handkerchief is then cut into small squares and kept for future use.

Science is used to control the forces of nature. Magic is used to control the "spirits" behind those natural forces. While science may be more appropriate for much of the pragmatic world, magic is far more useful in sex. Magic is carried out through rituals in which the spell is the key part. The spell

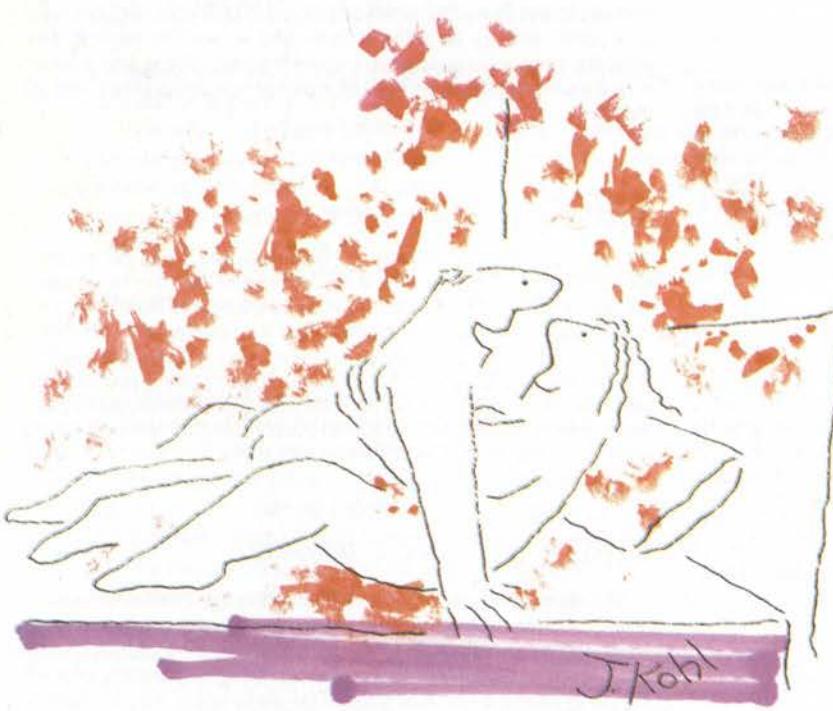
unlocks the full power of the ritual.

A constant fear of the accomplished witch or warlock is encounters with the succubus. Just as there are vampires who need fresh human blood to sustain their living death, so a succubus requires fresh semen. The succubi are neither male nor female, but can appear in the guise of either. As a voluptuous young woman they will seduce a man, taking him to bed and draping their warm moist bodies over him. The inside of a succubus' womb can suck up the semen and with it the vital powers of a warlock. Their actions are so debilitating because their own fluids offer nothing in return. Through their sorcery they are able to make a man come many times, although he may have no desire to. They leave him drained of all powers and vulnerable to evil spells.

After such a seduction the man will not see the succubi again, for it will have taken on a different manifestation, renewed in energy from the power which it has stolen. Its new form might be that of a man, and its prey would then be witches. From witches, a succubus can draw upon the mixed powers of all of the men the witch has had intercourse with in the past several weeks.

In such a case, a succubus usually takes on the form of an innocent youth, slim in body and with only a wisp of pubic hair. Such youths are particularly prized by witches, who thrive on the virginal powers of their semen. However, when the boy is actually a succubus, the witch is in for a surprise. For, once the youth's slender penis is in her it keeps growing in length, eventually forcing its way through the opening of the womb. Although the witch can feel this happening, and should know that she is in danger, the intense pleasure of this deeper entry usually renders her unable to react. In a state of pleasurable swoon, she has the accumulated powers of the other men's semen sucked out of her by the succubus' penis.

Witchcraft today covers an entire spectrum from black to white, with a lot of grey in between. Most forms use sex as an important part of their rituals. Also, many sexual secrets, handed down from ancient times, are still available only to the initiated. If you are interested in witchcraft you might start with any of the numerous books on the subject now becoming available. Many cities also have witchcraft shops which sell the supplies typically used by witches and warlocks. These shops can also be sources of information about witchcraft in your area. If you find a coven which appeals to you, you may be able to join. The secrets available to initiates could completely change your sex life, to say the least. 



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The Affair Of The Disappearing Dildo

continued from page 38

greatly. "You say that this was a common occurrence?" Homo asked, saliva gathering at the corners of his mouth.

"A very common occurrence," sighed the titled tart, "but she'd never been found unconscious before. The dear girl always took her duties seriously. Very conscientious, she is—, but that's exactly why I decided to send for you, Mr. Homo. Tally may be a bit fanatical at times, but I can't conceive that she is involved with my missing dildo. It just isn't like her—if you know what I mean."

"Indeed," said my companion, arching his left eye-brow.

"Well, it's beyond me," Lady Gwendolyn sighed, dropping back onto her enormous

bed. "I don't want the poor girl to suffer any more than she loves to, and yet—and yet I must have that dildo!"

"I feel for you, Milady," said my friend. "And I take it that this Tally, as you call her, is now at the hospital?"

"Yes. My consort left with her this morning. They're very close, you know. But, you said something about wanting to speak with my man, Donger."

"Indeed, I did," said Sherlock Homo.

The butler was called and forced to admit that, in fact, he had screwed the up-stairs maid yesterday afternoon at the time of the disappearance. Homo made a note to discuss the matter in depth later, and then, moving from beside the vanity table, he asked to see young Ginger.

"Whatever for?" Lady Gwendolyn asked, suspiciously.

"To discuss adolescent fantasy," Homo smiled, and beyond that he would say no more.

The majestic matron instructed the butler to send in the child and when the lovely lass entered, my friend stepped in front of her.

"Tell me, Ginger," he said pleasantly whilst lowering his trousers and exposing his massive piston, "does this remind you of anything?"

The maiden's eyes became riveted to my friend's phallus. The girl thought for a

moment, and then replied innocently: "A giraffe?"

From where she was lying, Lady Gwendolyn was unable to observe Homo's actions. Now, as she drew closer, the Grand Dame caught sight of what was coming to pass.

"Son of a bitch, Mr. Homo!" she sputtered. "Just what in the hell do you think you're doing?"

"Merely an experiment, m'lady," answered my companion, readjusting his clothing. "Your grand-daughter is starved for masculine attention."

The woman shook her finger and replied, "That's not why I asked you here."

"To me," Homo responded, "it is a far more important problem." Then he turned back to the girl and whispered quietly, "Now, Ginger, I want you to listen carefully to my next question and be very careful that you answer it truthfully."

The young lass looked questioningly to her grandmother, and then back to Homo.

"Do you like bananas?" my friend asked. "Slick, slimy, freshly peeled bananas?"

"MR. HOMO!" The infuriated matron shrieked, "this time you've gone too far!"

"Listen, bitch!" my friend countered, stamping his foot, "you've nearly ruined this child's sex-life! Now if you want your dildo

continued on page 95



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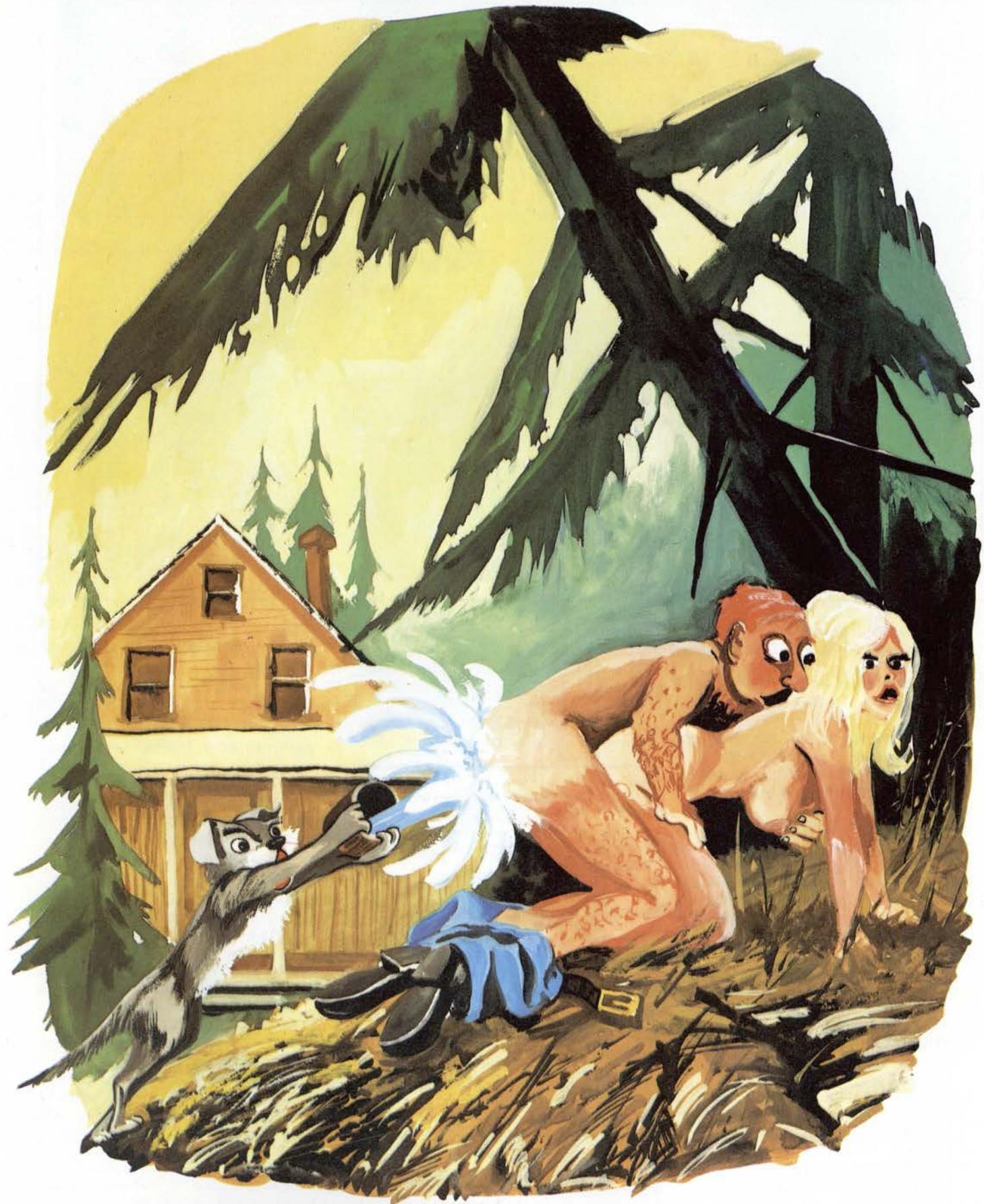
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back, you'll do as I say!"

I observed that the Grand Dame was about to claw at the face of my companion, when suddenly Ginger verbally interrupted her.

"Dildo?" she said, her eyes widening.

Immediately, Homo grabbed the girl and began hugging her.

"Capital!" he exclaimed. "You've finally grasped it. A dildo. The Wong of Fu Manchu; have you seen it?"

The darling child pulled herself free, and asked, "Does it look anything like a boat?"

For a moment, none of us moved, and then my friend became very inflamed. "Well, why not?" he cried. "Yes, I suppose you could say that." Have you any toy boats here at your grandmother's?"

"Yes sir," little Ginger replied. "Upstairs in the lavatory. I splash around with them in the tub."

"Strange sort of amusement for a girl, I must say," said Homo, shooting a sidelong glance at Lady Gwendolyn. "Part of your doing, I suppose."

The titled tart said nothing.

"Should I go and get the boats?" Ginger asked.

"At once," replied my friend, smacking his palm across the child's bottom.

As soon as little Ginger had left, her grandmother stormed over toward Homo. "You detectives certainly have queer methods," she said acidly.

"If anyone is to be called 'queer', M'lady," Homo answered, "it would have to be . . ."

"Careful there, Homo, old friend," I whispered, "Lady Gwendolyn could have us exiled to Australia!"

"Oh, very well," my companion grumbled.

"Stop all this nonsense," the majestic matron thundered, "and tell me what all this shit about boats and splashing around has to do with my missing dildo?"

"Certainly," said Homo coolly. "Young Ginger has mistaken your erotic artifact for an aquatic toy. No doubt while you and your—er—consort were upstairs yesterday, the child slipped in, saw the dildo, and thought it was a new plaything."

True to Homo's explanation, at that moment, young Ginger returned to our presence, her arms loaded with an entire fleet of miniature vessels.

"Ah-HA!" cried Sherlock Homo, pouncing upon one of the proffered playthings. "If I'm not mistaken, M'lady, this belongs to you." And, so saying, he thrust an object into the Grand Dame's agitated hands.

"The Wong of . . .," Lady Gwendolyn began, and then: "Jesus shit-fits!"

"I beg your pardon?" said I.

"This—this isn't my dildo!" the aged woman stammered. "It's nothing but a fucking frigate!"

"Let me see that!" snapped Homo, clutching the toy in his long thin fingers. He studied it for a moment, and then addressed himself to Ginger, saying: "Are these all of your toy boats?"

"Yes, sir," the maiden answered hesitantly. "All except for the other funny-looking one."

"Well, where in the left-handed nut-sucker is the other funny-looking one?" Homo nearly screamed.

"I haven't got it, sir."

"You mean you've lost it in the tub?"

Lady Gwendolyn gasped. "Lost it in the tub?" she cried. "The Wong of Fu Manchu

plugging up the water pipes?!"

"A good place for it," Homo said grimly, "but I rather doubt that that is the case."

"It just disappeared, sort of," Ginger winced. "I had it up in the lavatory yesterday evening, and now it's gone. Vanished completely."

Homo gazed down at the object lying in his palm. "And, where did this one come from?" he mused. "I—I can't tell you," the ingenue whispered, timidly looking over at her grandmother.

"I think I understand," said my companion. "Lady Gwendolyn," he continued, turning back to the Grand Dame, "I wish to

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state at this time not only that I know the location of your missing dildo, but that I shall be able to produce it for you if you will permit me a few hours alone in this room with your upstairs maid."

There was little else which the woman could do except accept my friend's mysterious conditions. Therefore, she, Ginger and I passed out into the main hall, where, hours later, Homo joined us, the upstairs maid with him, her eyes glowing with the amber warmth of tranquility.

Standing there before Lady Gwendolyn Smythe, Mr. Sherlock Homo fumbled with the enormous bulge in his trousers, and brought forth the long-missing Wong of Fu Manchu.

"My dear Mr. Homo," the matron gasped in joy, "how can I ever repay you?"

* * *

"I succumb, Homo!" I cried after several hours of wrestling with the problem. "How did you manage it?"

My friend rose languidly from his bed where he had been dickering with young Ginger, who had accompanied us back to our rooms in Maker-street. "My dear Twatson," he smiled, "the Wong was standing on Lady Gwendolyn's vanity table all the time. Little Ginger here had previously taken one of the oddly-shaped perfume containers, and Tally, the conscientious downstairs maid found both the dildo and the container up in the lavatory. Obviously, the poor woman accidentally placed the Wong on the vanity table in place of the perfume bottle."

I was flabbergasted. My eyes ran to the naked body of Lady Gwendolyn's granddaughter. "Surely the woman *must* have known a dildo when she saw one," I sniffed at the young maiden who was spread out upon Homo's bed in delirium.

Ginger's eyelids fluttered and she murmured something about the maid being cockeyed.

I considered this as I was swinging my thigh over the child's face. "But why did you need all that time alone with the *upstairs maid*?" I asked my friend whilst feeling the maiden's warm lips clasping my staff for the first time.

Sherlock Homo sat sucking rapidly on the stem of his calabash.

"I think we both know the answer to that one, Twatson," he winked, and then, upon observing my hesitant confrontation with Ginger's dripping clitoris, he urged: "Come, come, Twatson; you know my methods. Use them!"

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"Sorry, gotta split, baby!... midnight and my broom turns into a dildo."

SEX PLAYS A PART IN PREXY POLITICS

continued from page 48

acquitted of this charge, and the "evidence" to prosecute him was extremely weak.

President Ford's sex appeal stems from his honesty and vitality. He seems like the All-American Boy. He and his charming wife, Betty, and their children, especially his much-publicized daughter, Susan, 17, seem to be the most unpretentious people to have occupied the White House in modern times. Mrs. Ford, in fact, was the first First Lady to install a double bed in the White House, and she didn't hesitate to say so. Ford, as the incumbent, has an unequalled power base—and we have already mentioned the important role of power in sex appeal.

George Wallace is not a handsome man and, due to an assailant's bullet, is a cripple and will remain one the rest of his life. But no Presidential contender has shown the determination and guts that Wallace has displayed. This strength could far outweigh any of his drawbacks in the eyes of many women. Wallace claims he could restore America to a position of unchallenged leadership in the world, and maybe the fair sex will give him a chance to "put his money where his mouth is."

Nelson Rockefeller derives his sex appeal largely from power and wealth. No other candidate comes even close to possessing his enormous wealth. And the multi-millionaire has charm, although not nearly as much as some other Presidential hopefuls. At 66, his vitality is waning and his integrity has been questioned. But perhaps his biggest deficit is his wife, Happy. She may be good at getting Rocky's rocks off in bed, but in public she comes across like a cold fish, and women would undoubtedly turn thumbs down on her.

Senator Henry Jackson of Washington has a few ingredients of sex appeal going for him, primarily power and a reputation for honesty. But he is notably lacking in charm. He comes across as being too gruff and too serious to really set women's hearts on fire. It is extremely doubtful that he will "scoop" anyone to the White House.

It is even more doubtful that Senators McGovern and Muskie will make the grade. McGovern comes across as being positively impotent, and there isn't a lady—much less a whore—who could very well indulge her sex fantasies with him in the Oval

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Office. As for Muskie, you may recall that when he was the target of a few jeers during the last Presidential campaign, he broke down in tears. Nobody, but nobody, likes to see a grown man cry, especially when he is a Presidential prospect.

There is talk that Jerry Brown, the 36-year-old governor of California, might be a serious contender for the Democratic nomination, despite his youth. But Brown won't have a ghost of a chance—if he remains a bachelor. Women voters, as we have pointed out, don't dig bachelor Presidential candidates. And Brown seldom even dates women. The former candidate for the priesthood is a real loner.

Several months ago, Brown signed a sex bill making it lawful in California for consenting adults to indulge in oral and anal

sex and homosexual relations. All hell broke loose. The prudes, puritans, church of it he quipped: "The State Department organizations and other pressure groups must be behind it. That's the only way they caused such an uproar that a referendum is being placed on the next ballot to rescind the new law."

In Washington today there is a man (or at least his office is there—he himself could be almost anywhere in the world) who possesses more sex appeal than all the Presidential candidates we have mentioned put together. His name? Henry Kissinger, of course!

There's just one hitch. Kissinger can't be President of the U.S. because Article II, Section 1, of the Constitution says, "No person except a natural-born citizen . . . shall be eligible for the office of President." And that rules out Kissinger, a naturalized citizen born in Germany. Early in 1974, Rep. Jonathan Bingham proposed a constitutional amendment that would repeal Article II, Section 1, eliminating the "natural-

born" requirement. When Kissinger heard loose. The prudes, puritans, church of it he quipped: "The State Department organizations and other pressure groups must be behind it. That's the only way they caused such an uproar that a referendum is being placed on the next ballot to rescind the new law."

Kissinger once made the very astute observation that "power is the ultimate aphrodisiac." As Secretary of State and the second most powerful man in the U.S., if not the most powerful in many ways, Kissinger knows whereof he speaks. He put into words what knowledgeable women have long known—that sex appeal is paramount in Presidential politics, and that the primary ingredient of male sex appeal is power.

That is why, as a leading female political analyst recently pointed out, most women would rather sleep with the President of the United States than with their favorite Hollywood actor. And that knowledge should give President Ford a nice warm, tingling feeling when he jumps between the bedsheets every night. 

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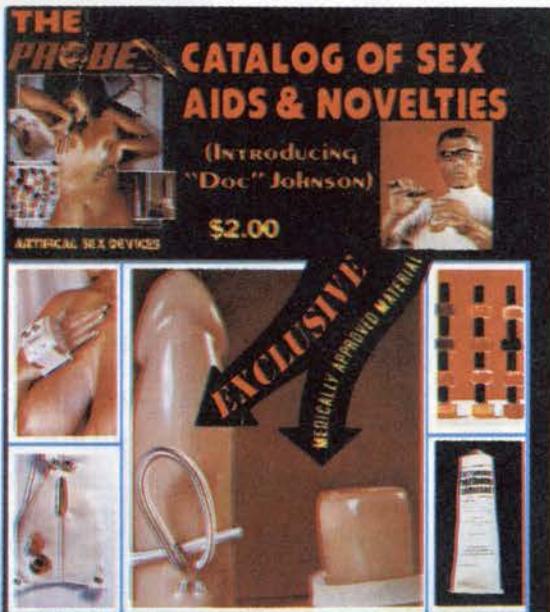
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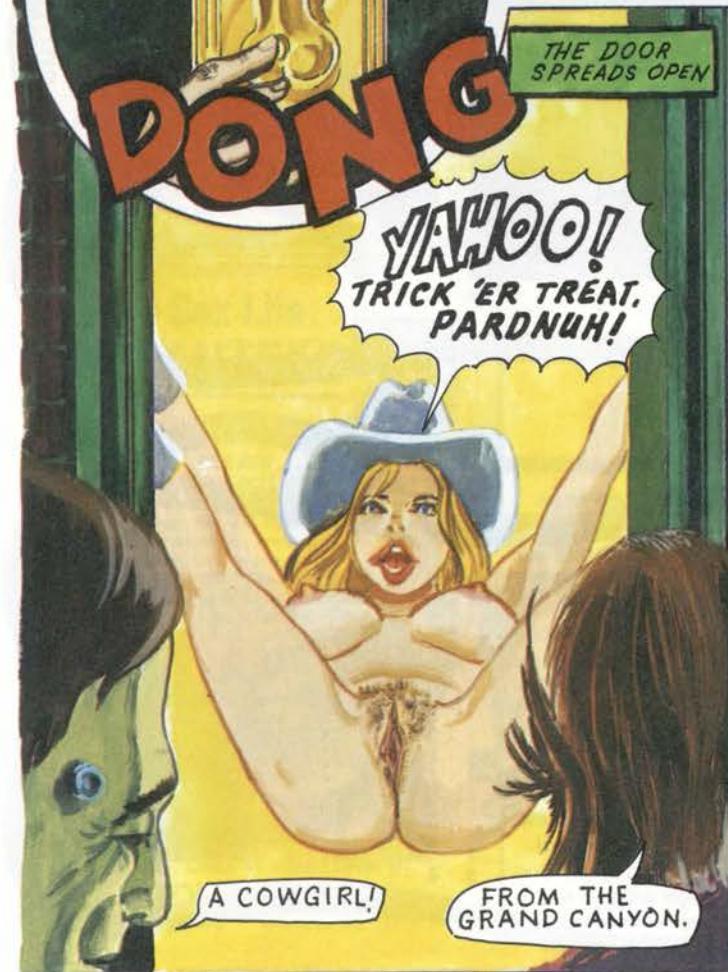
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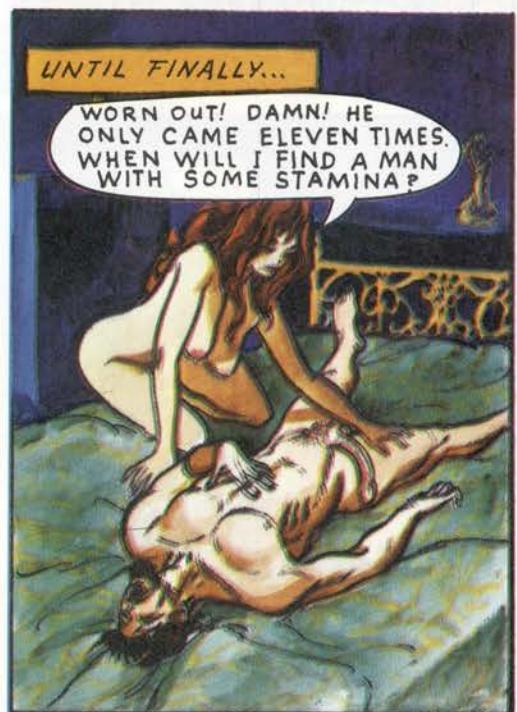






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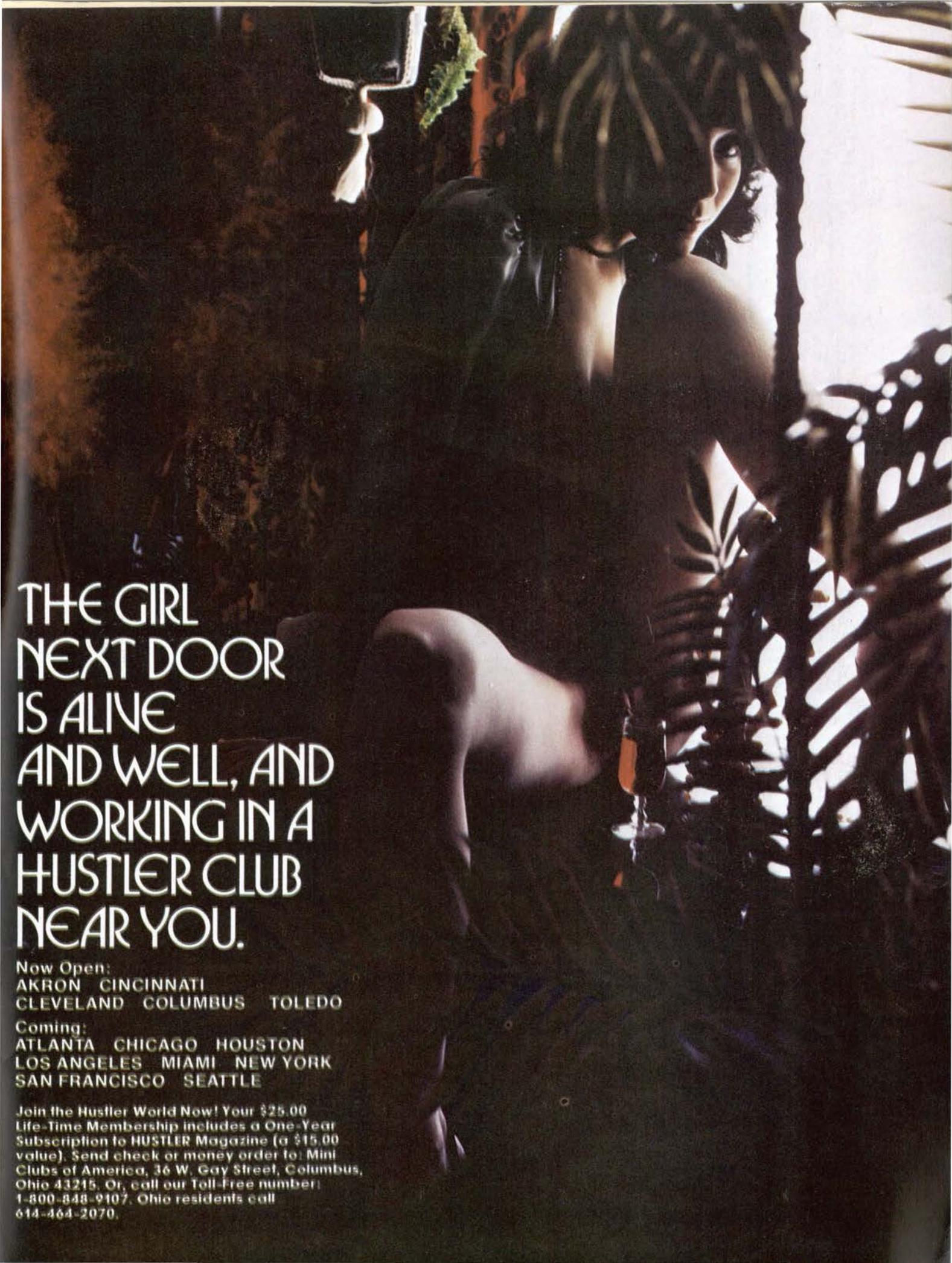
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PREVIEW

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- HERALD PRICE FAHRINGER INTERVIEW — A hero to the porn industry, a lawyer of lawyers and a "Defender of the Damned," Herald openly discusses his cases, from Monique Van Cleef (the New Jersey woman with the torture chamber) to Screw Magazine's obscenity case in Wichita, Kansas. Another probing exclusive interview by HUSTLER publisher Larry Flynt.
- LARRY ROSS PROFILE — The driving force behind Jaundice Press, Inc., publishers of *San Francisco Ball*, *Gay Times*, *Fetish Times* and numerous other sex papers, stands up to be counted as the Baron of Beavers. We're sure you'll find his story of a mere investment of \$200 turned into an empire of Erotica as interesting as we do—by Pat Salvo.
- SEDUCER'S GUIDE TO VIRGINS — Learn how to pick them and pluck them with our funny but serious article on virgins. It covers every type from the Feminist Virgin to the Perpetual Virgin, and tells it like it is—by Rex Weiner.
- THE SENSUAL PHOTOGRAPHER — Many times you've seen erotic photos that seem to explain what art really is, yet Clarence Rollans gives you a whole new thing for your head.
- "THE RAPISTS" — Every day we hear of women getting raped—but never like this. This is a whole new experience for these two veteran rapists. And we're sure you'll be as surprised as they were by the outcome — by Don Blevins.
- MORE: Our BITS & PIECES are getting to be real side splitters. Some are more gruesome than ever before. In KINKY KORNER you'll find that three heads are better than one. One reader in ADVISE & CONSENT gets the scoop on silicone cocks. And HONEY HOOKER waits her turn for the one and only Bonon, the Barbarian.

PREVIEW



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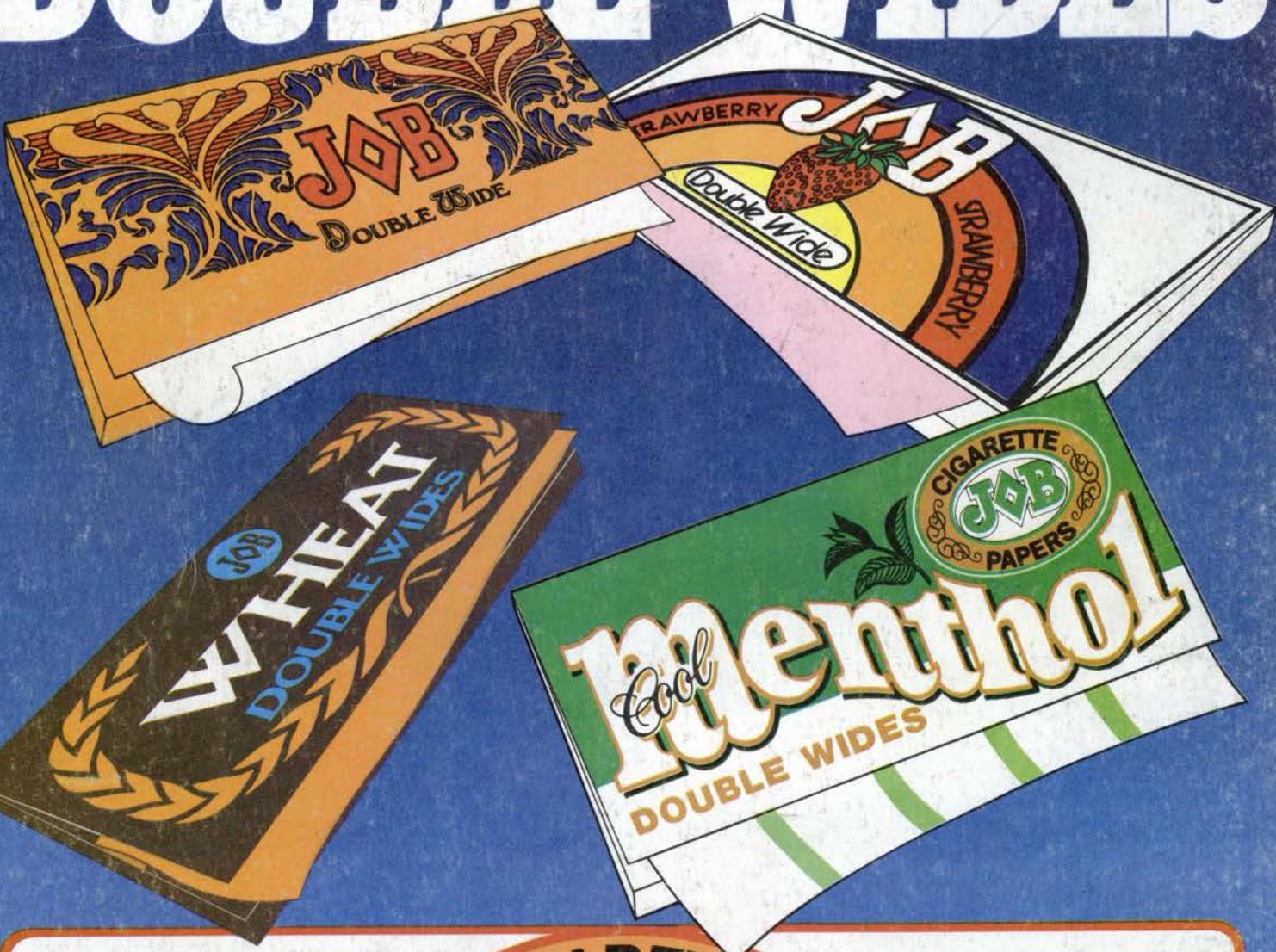
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